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Things Theatrical.

Park Theatre.—Mr. Forrest opened at this house on Monday last in *Othello*, which he followed up with *Lear* on Tuesday, *Macbeth* on Thursday, and last night he gratified his admirers with *The Gladiator*, the character in which he won his earlier laurels.

This gentleman now stands at the head of his profession, both in this country and in England, as we sincerely believe. It would not become us to attempt a criticism on his performances without more leisure than we can give to the subject this week.

Mrs. Shaw.—This is not the first time this very beautiful woman and accomplished actress has been at the Park. Some two years since she arrived in America one of the most radiant English beauties we recollect to have seen on any stage. Circumstances, particularly interesting to herself, withdrew her from our stage for a season, and when she next appeared, it was to carry captive by her fascinations and her talents our Western friends, where we learn she is considered the paragon of all that is lovely. Although our climate has robbed her of a portion of her florid charms during a two years residence, yet her sweet, though melancholy expression of countenance, and her improvement in her profession, more than repays us. Her readings are wonderfully correct and chaste, while she never fails to accompany them with all the blandishments of finished acting. She knows her business,—is perfectly familiar with the action of the stage, and would seem to have studied long and practised much. Her voice is deep and richly toned,—her enunciation deliberate and most distinct, and to our taste, her personations are natural and forcible.

She is a great acquisition to the Park, and we know the management of that house appreciates too justly the value of a charming actress in these dull times readily to part with attractions so uncommon, and talents so improved and perfected. Mrs. Shaw made her first appearance on Saturday last in *Julia*, in the *Hunchback*, and, worn out as that character is, she gave us a new conception of the part, and made a decided hit. We have no question but she will become a great and lasting favorite when her capabilities are more extensively known. This is likely soon to occur, for she has been playing the "tragedy queens" to Mr. Forrest during the week, and before the crackest houses of the season.

THE CRITIQUE REVIEWED.

The Park is emphatically a *Star* Theatre. There, and there only, does a star, native or foreign, acquire a reputation which passes unquestioned throughout the cities of this Union. It is, proportionally, the poorest theatre in America at which to produce a new play, for there, the stock company into whose hands the play is committed—for ever acting as satellites to the major planets—seem shooting beyond their spheres the moment they are promoted to the primary class. We shall not stop here to inquire—

"Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove;"

but our theatrical experience informs us that any sudden transition from minor parts to leading characters, never fails to invest the actor with the mantle of distrust, and provokes instant suspicion of his inability to do justice to the newly assumed personation. Besides, the audiences frequenting this favorite house, have, for years, been accustomed to witness, in the main, only the most sterling productions in the highest class of Dramatic Literature, and are therefore little inclined to listen to the crudities and misshapen productions of a tyro in Dramatic writing.

With a knowledge of these facts, we were concerned to learn that Miss Clifton had resolved to produce, at this theatre, in August last, Mr. Willis's tragedy of "*Bianca Visconti.*" It was a bold experiment, but it proved successful, and, under the circumstances, triumphantly so. As no copyright in this country can secure to an author his property in a dramatic composition, Mr. Willis was compelled to forego the immense advantage of publishing his tragedy previous to its enactment, thus jeopardising his fame as a writer by submitting this first effort of his dramatic powers entirely to the mercy of the actors. No one who had not previously perused that tragedy can imagine how sadly it suffered, and how nearly it failed, from the shamefully imperfect readings, and the awkward and spiritless personations of many of its leading characters.—The poetry and the rhythm were marred most mercilessly, and whole passages omitted, important to the clear development of the peculiar features of character and of the delicate phases of passion therein pourtrayed. Yet, in despite of these drawbacks, the tragedy succeeded, and is now, after many representations, esteemed highly creditable to the author.

We will take leave to say here, that we do not include Miss Clifton in our censure of the acting of this tragedy. We think her personation of "*Bianca*" a most matured and polished performance, indicating more talent, and study, and judgment, than any thing else we have seen her attempt.

If we were concerned when Mr. W's tragedy was brought out, we were ten fold more so, when we learned that his hurriedly written comedy was to be submitted to the same ordeal, but with a cast of characters most surprisingly excluding Placide, Mason, Clarke and Fredericks. Well, thought we, if Mr. W. has written a comedy that can pass unscathed this terrific trial, his abilities as a dramatic writer are no longer problematical. We perused portions of it—heard detached passages recited, and different scenes read, and found many of them humorous and amusing—some of them brilliant, and some extremely tame and spiritless. We could hardly judge of it as a whole, but expressed our fears of its deficiencies. It was rehearsed, and the green-room reports betokened a favorable issue. Even the persons most interested in its success seemed the most sanguine in their hopes of its triumph. We went to the theatre on the evening of its performance, with the deliberate determination, if it were even passably enacted, and failed, that we would not attempt to screen the author in the slightest degree from the righteous judgment of impartial criticism, and on him alone should rest the mortification of its failure; but on the other hand, we determined if it were played as miserably as we feared, from certain indications, and from the cast, it would be, that we would say nothing of the play pro. or con., but mete out an impartial criticism on the merits of the different actors and their performances.

The following morning we penned the subjoined, every sentence of which we would have stand as the result of our deliberate judgment on the subject; for now, after a month's reflection, we do not hesitate to declare, that it is fully expressive of our opinions, except so far as it may possibly be inferred from it, that we then thought the comedy a good one—which we most assuredly did not, and do not; nor, indeed, is such an inference an obvious or fair one.

The Kentucky Heiress.—This new comedy, by Mr. Willis, was utterly sacrificed at the Park on Wednesday. There is not a five-act comedy in the English language that could have survived such a cast, much less such wanton and unpardonable regard to the text. The comedy itself is destitute of striking points and clap-traps, therefore requiring a finished personation of all its characters, and an emphatic reading of the author, to give it that charm which we have derived from reading it in private. Now, instead of finished personations, what think ye, gentle readers, were given in their stead? We will begin with the ladies, as our gallantry prompts, and try to convey some idea of its partial failure:—Miss Clifton's "*Honoria Trevor*" had all the appearance of an impromptu personation of a character, through which five hours' preparation had enabled her to grope her way darkly, without aiming in scarcely a single instance to lend that grace and enchantment to the character which study alone could have enabled her to do, and which few parts more imperiously demanded, or which would have more surely rewarded an attentive and close application in the acquirement of a full conception of its varied portraitures of passion. Such, indeed, was her imperfect knowledge of the part, that her early application to the prompter betrayed to the entire audience the impossibility of the character's receiving anything like justice at her hands, and at once threw a damp on the whole. Mrs. Wheatley was at home in her character of "Aunt *Panadise*," and although somewhat imperfect in the text, gave much satisfaction, and received frequent applause. Mr. Wheatley's "Lord *Barksdale*." the hero, was all that could have been expected from him. He is an industrious and improving young actor, but totally deficient in those attributes which would enable him to personate a handsome, high bred, dashing English nobleman, whose polished manners and gallant bearing at once win the heart of the "Kentucky Heiress." This, then, was sacrifice No. 2. The comedy contains a Yankee character of much merit as a true portraiture of a certain class to be found in New England, and full of humor and drollery—just such an one as Hill could make the most laughable thing imaginable. This devolved upon Fisher, who in a twinkling transformed it into that anomalous being which we should call a *Yankee Yorkshireman*, and such was the humor of the metamorphose, that bursts of laughter followed the personation throughout. This was sacrifice No. 3. Richings' *Pyefinch* was caricatured somewhat, but it indicated study and just conception, and was so appreciated by the house. Let him moderate his dandyism, and temper his lisping with a freer utterance, and he is perfect in his part.

Such was the cast, and such the acting of the new comedy. That it survived one act is astonishing—but that it was listened to throughout with patience, and a determination to do the author justice, is a high compliment to the impartiality and liberal mindedness of a New York audience. The comedy is by no means faultless—we can see many faults and many short-comings—others can see more, but we are of those who contend that it has not been even tolerably personated, that the main characters were perfect marplots, instead of ornaments—and that common justice demands that we should withold a final condemnation of the comedy until it fail in the hands of those capable of fulfilling the intentions, and portraying the characters and conceptions as set down for them by the author.

Now, we learn from various sources, that the above notice has been tortured by a certain clique into making us say, that the comedy was without fault, and that a partiality for the author induced us, for his sake, to censure the actors, when we *knew* that they did all that any actors could do to win success. We deny having said so—we deny the propriety of such an inference, and we deny having unjustly reflected on the actors.

We set ourselves down to write a theatrical notice, not a review of a literary production: actors and acting were our theme, not works and authors. We intentionally withheld our opinion of the comedy—it was uncalled for;—we could not then fairly judge of it, and the author deserved this reasonable forbearance. His comedy had not been even tolerably played—it was unpublished, and we well knew how essentially every iota of humor or wit was supplanted by the grossest readings, or "buried with Cæsar," by the incongruity of the cast. Of the acting that evening, we felt ourselves fully capable of judging, and indulging no other feeling than regret, we dispassionately expressed that judgment.

The true cause of impeaching our impartiality and making some ado in a certain quarter, lies in this:—Not that we condemned the acting, but that we spared the author—not that we exposed the absurdity of the cast and the feeble personations, but that we did not utterly denounce Mr. Willis and his comedy, proclaiming the one a dolt and the other beneath all criticism. We think, under the circumstances, it would have been the grossest injustice to have done any such thing, had his comedy been worse than his greatest enemy wishes it. But more than this, we happened to know that the comedy had not received from the proper quarter that attentive study which every leading character requires—that other thoughts, and other cares, had allured the mind and occupied the time which might have been beneficially bestowed on it. If portions were essentially faulty, suggestions derived from attentive readings might have improved them, and then a bold, unhesitating and dashing enactment of it, would have done much to relieve those imperfections, which became as palpable as a sunbeam, the moment they were subjected to a feeble, hesitating style, such as merely committing the part to memory, was sure to substitute.

Surely we could not have taken pleasure in rebuking one of whom it has long been our pleasure to speak in terms of high encomium. A sense of justice demanded of us the expression of moderate censure toward one it would have been otherwise pleasure to praise. But, no: praise was not deserved, and if this paper ever censured justly and honestly, it was when it chided those habits of indolence and growing vanities and inattentions, sensibly retarding the acquirement of a profession demanding every attribute of the mind to deserve success and attain eminence. We did not expect to be overwhelmed with thanks for our sincerity from any person, but we indulged the hope that, in the proper quarter, it might subserve a higher object than to elicit groundless charges, and we believe it will yet do so, and that what was intended as earnest, but mild reproof, known to have been fully deserved, will be acquiesced in, and made the cause of more strenuous exertions, and a source of future triumphs.

Here we might very properly end our remarks, but we feel unwilling to baulk the desire that has been expressed to learn our opinion of the comedy, and especially since it is hinted that we are reluctant to give it. But as we can withhold nothing that would afford a pleasing gratification to a desire, prompted by motives so amiable, we shall proceed "to carve up," *con amore et secundem artem.*

The comedy, in its present shape, is, beyond all doubt, an entire failure.—Although it embodied many spirited scenes, much graphic description and humorous dialogue, yet it possessed the elements of its own "damnation" in the utter absurdity of the juxtaposition of many of the characters. It exhibited a perfect menagerie of the human family; not characters distinguished by mere moral attributes, and constituting different classes of the same society, but an assemblage of the most discordant beings the wit of man could throw together, each tolerable in their way, and some of them drawn to the life, but as repulsive to each other as the electric poles.

There was a Kentucky Heiress, more wolfish than Nimrod Wildfire, paired with an English nobleman, polished, bland, and plausible: a London coxcomb of the first water dancing attendance on a toothless maiden aunt—a fighting Western Colonel without brains, and a Yankee with a superabundance of them, besides a cicerone, a boots, and an enormous gentleman in straw. Properly to fuse these incongruous materials into one harmonious whole—to blend the strong painting of individual character gracefully into a group, in keeping with each other, requires no common pen and an abundance of leisure. The fact is, "it was made to order," to be finished within a limited period, and the whole thing bore the most palpable evidences of haste, and there were many ill-digested conceits which study and reflection would have pruned away and replaced with something more natural and attractive. It died a natural death, and deserved its fate.

MASCALBRUNI.

I have frequently observed that there are some people who haunt you in all parts of the world, and to whom you have a sort of secret antipathy, yet who, by an attraction in spite of repulsion, are continually crossing your path, as though they were sent as emissaries to link themselves with your destiny, or on the watch mysteriously to bring it about. One person in particular, whose name I do not even know, if he has one, I have met fifty times in as many different places, and we each say to ourselves, "'Tis he!—what, again!" So with a personage too well known at home and abroad, of whom, by a curious concatenation of circumstances, I am enabled to become the biographer.

Geronymo Mascalbruni was the son of a pauper belonging to a village whose name I forget, in the marshes of Ancona. He had begged his way when a boy to Rome, and supported himself for some time there, by attending at the doors of the courts of justice, and running on errands for the advocates or the suitors. His intelligence and adroitness did not escape the observation of one of the attorneys, who, wanting a lad of all work, took Mascalbruni into his service, and taught him to read and write; finding him useful in his office, and having no children of his own, he at length adopted him, *in formâ pauperis*, and gave him a small share in his business. This man of the law did not bear the most exemplary of characters, and perhaps it was in order to conceal some nefarious practices to which Mascalbruni was privy that he made the clerk his associate. Perhaps also he discovered in his character a hardihood, combined with cunning and chicanery, that made him a ready instrument for his purposes, and thus enabled him, like Teucer, to fight behind the shield of another. Under this worthy master—a worthy disciple—Mascalbruni continued for some years; till at length, tired of confinement to the desk, and having the taste early acquired for a roving and profligate life revived, he, during his old benefactor's confinement to his bed with a rheumatic attack, administered to him a dose of poison instead of medicine, and having robbed him of all the money and plate that was portable, and of certain *coupons*, and *bons* in the Neapolitan and other funds, standing in his name, he decamped, and reached Florence in safety.

Every one has heard of the laxity of the Roman police. The impunity of offenders, even when their crimes are established by incontestable proofs, is notorious. The relations of the lawyer, contrary to all their expectations, (for he had never recognised them,) had come into their inheritance, and little regarded the means, having attained the end. They perhaps, also, from having had no admission into the house during the old miser's life, were ignorant of the strength of his coffers; and the disappearance of the murderer, who, by a will which they discovered and burnt, had been made his sole heir, was by them deemed too fortunate a circumstance; so that they neither inquired into the manner of his death, nor had any *post mortem* examination of the body. They gave their respectable relative a splendid funeral, erected to his memory a tomb in one of the rival churches that front the Piazza del Popolo, in which his many virtues were not forgotten, and established an annual mass for his *povera anima*, that no doubt saved him

"From many a peck of purgatorial coals."

Having quietly inurned the master, let us follow the man. The sum which he carried with him is not exactly known, but it must have been considerable. His stay in the Tuscan state was short, and we find him with his ill-gotten wealth in "that common sewer of London and of Rome," Paris. He was then about thirty years of age, had a good person, talents, an insinuating address, and a sufficient knowledge of the world, at least of the worst part of mankind, to avoid sinking in that quagmire, which has swallowed up so many of the thoughtless and inexperienced who have trusted to its flattering surface. In fact, Nature seemed to have gifted him with the elements of an accomplished sharper, and he seconded her attributes by all the resources of art. He took an apartment in the Rue Neuve de Luxembourg, that street so admirably situated between the Boulevard and the Gardens of the Tuileries, and had engraved on his cards—"Il Marchese Mascalbruni." He was attached to his name; it was a good, sonorous, well-sounding name; and the addition of Marchese dovetailed well, and seemed as though it had always, or ought always, to have belonged to it.

But before he made his *entrée* in the world of Paris, he was aware that he had much to learn; and, with the tact and nice sense of observation and *disinvoltura nel maneggiar* peculiar to his nature, he soon set about accomplishing himself in the externals of a gentleman. With this view he passed several hours a day in the *salle d'armes*, where he made himself a first-rate fencer; and became so dexterous *au tir*, that he could at the extremity of the gallery hit the bull's-eye of the target at almost every other shot.

Pushkin himself was not more dexterous; and, like him, our hero in the course of his career signalized himself by several rencontres which proved fatal to his antagonists, into the details of but one of which I shall enter. He heard that nothing gives a young man greater *eclat* at starting into society than a duel. Among those who frequented the *salle* was an old officer who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, one of the *reliquiæ Danaum*, the few survivors of Moscow: for those who did not perish on the road, mostly fell victims to the congelations and fatigues of that memorable retreat. Mascalbruni, now a match for the *maître d'armes*, frequently exercised with this old *grognard*, who had the character of being a *crane*, if not a *bourreau des cranes*,[*] and one day, before a numerous *gallerie*, having struck the foil out of his hand, the fencer so far forgot himself, in the shame and vexation of defeat by a youngster, as to pick up the weapon and strike the Italian a blow on the shoulders with the flat part of the foil, if it be not an Irishism so to call it. Those who saw Mascalbruni at that moment would not have forgotten the traits of his countenance. His eyes flashed with a sombre fire; his Moorish complexion assumed a darker hue, as the blood rushed from his heart to his brain in an almost suffocating tide; his breath came forth in long and audible respirations; his features were convulsed with the rage of a demoniac. I only describe what Horace Verney, who was present, faithfully sketched from memory after the scene. Mascalbruni, tearing off the button of his foil, vociferated, putting himself in position, "*A la mort! à la mort!*" The lookers-on were panic-stricken; but the silence was interrupted by the clinking of the steel. The aggressor soon lay stretched in the agonies of death.

Though he had now taken his first degree, Mascalbruni's education was not yet complete. He had made himself master of French, so as to speak it almost without any of the accent of a foreigner; and having a magnificent voice, he added to it all the science that one of his own countrymen could supply, and became in the end a finished musician and vocalist.

Such was the course of his studies; and now, with all the *prestige* of his singular *affaire*, to give him *eclat*, the Marchese Mascalbruni made his *debut*. By way of recreation, he had frequently gone into the gambling-houses of the Palais Royal, and had been much struck with these words, almost obliterated, on the walls of one of them, "*Tutus veni, tutus abi.*" Mascalbruni was determined to profit by the advice, and to confirm its truth by one solitary exception—to come and depart in safety, or rather a winner.

Mascalbruni invented a theory of his own, that has since been practised by several of the *habitués* of the hells, particularly by a man denominated, in the *maisons de jeu*, L'Avocat. He won such enormous sums of the bank, that, on his return to his lodgings one night, he was assassinated, not without suspicion that he fell by the hands of some kind bravo of the company. *Chi lo sa?* But to revert to Mascalbruni.

He now turned his face towards the Channel, and opened the campaign in London on a much more extensive scale. He took up his quarters at Higginbottom's hotel in the same year that young Napoleon came to England, and only left it when it was given up to that lamented and accomplished prince. It is not generally known that he ever visited England. His sojourn in the capital was kept a profound secret. The master of the hotel and all his servants took an oath of secrecy; and Prince Esterhazy and the members of the Austrian embassy were not likely to betray it. The prince passed a week with George the Fourth at the Cottage at Windsor, and afterwards assisted at a concert at the Hanover Square rooms, himself leading a concert on the piano. This by the bye. Mascalbruni on that occasion attracted all eyes, and fascinated all ears, and was greeted after a solo with the loudest plaudits. He had now become the fashion, and, having forged a letter from one of the cardinals at Rome to a patroness of Almacks, obtained the *entree*, and made one of the three hundred that compose the world of London. You know, however, in this world that there is another world—orb within orb—an *imperium in imperio*—the Exclusives. It is difficult to define what the qualifications for an exclusive are: it is not rank, connexion, talents, virtues, grace, elegance, accomplishments. No. But I shall not attempt to explain the inexplicable. Certain it is, however, that our hero was admitted into the *coteries* of this caste as distinct—as much separated by a line of demarkation drawn round them from the rest—as the Rajhpoot is from the Raiot, who sprang, one from the head, the other from the heels of Brahma.

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[*] Military terms for a professed duellist, and a duellist-killer.

It was on the daughter of one of those extra-exclusives that Mascalbruni cast his eye. He flew at high game. The Hon. Miss M. was the belle of the season. I remember seeing her the year before at a fancy ball. A quadrille had been got up, for which were selected twelve of the most beautiful girls to represent the twelve Seasons. Louisa was May, and excelled the rest, (I do not speak of the present year,) as much as that season of flowers does the other months. It was an "incarnation of May!"—a metaphor of Spring, and Youth, and Morning!—a rose-bud just opening its young leaves, that brings the swiftest thought of beauty, though words cannot embody it;—a sylph borne by a breath, a zephyr, as in the celebrated Hebe of John of Bologna, may make intelligible the lightness of her step,—the ethereal grace of her form. She was a nymph of Canova, without her affectation. Hers was the poetry of motion,—

> "It was the soul, which from so fair a frame
> Look'd forth, and told us 'twas from heaven it came,"—

that would have been the despair of sculpture or poetry. I have never seen but one who might compare with her, and she was engulfed that same year in the waters of the inexorable Tiber,—Rosa Bathurst.*

Louisa M. was the only daughter of an Irish Bishop. His see was one of the most valuable in the sister island; and some idea may be formed of his accumulated wealth, by the circumstance of his having received thirty thousand pounds in one year by fines on the renewal of leases. He had one son, then on a Continental tour with his tutor; but having no entailed estates, and his fortune consisting of ready money, Louisa was probably one of the *meillures parties* in the three kingdoms.

There was at that time a mania for foreign alliances. The grand tour, which almost every family of distinction had taken, introduced a rage for continental customs and manners, which had in some degree superseded our own.

A spring in Paris, and winter in Italy, left behind them regrets in the minds of old and young, but especially the latter, who longed to return to those scenes that had captivated their senses and seduced their young imaginations. No language was spoken at the opera but French or Italian—no topics of conversation excited so much interest as those which had formed the charm of their residence abroad—and the fair daughters of England drew comparisons unfavorable to fox-hunting squires and insipid young nobles, when they thought of the accomplished and fascinating foreigners from whom, in the first dawn of life, when all their impressions were new and vivid, they had received such flattering homage.

The mother of Louisa, still young, had not been insensible to pre-possessions; and had a *liaison* at Rome, where she was unaccompanied by her husband, the effects of which she had not altogether eradicated.

It is said that the road to the daughter's affections is through the heart of the mother. Certainly in Italy *cavalier serventeism* generally has this termination; and, though it is not yet openly established in England, there are very many women in high life who have some secret adorer, some favorite friend, to keep alive the flame which too often lies smothered in the ashes of matrimony. I do not mean that this attachment is frequently carried to criminal lengths; nor am I ready to give much credence to the vain boastings of those foreigners who, when they return to their own country, amuse their idle hours, and idler friends, with a detailed account of their *bonnes fortunes* in London.

I shall not prostitute my narrative, had I the data for so doing, by tracing step by step the well-organised scheme by which Mascalbruni contrived to ingratiate himself with both the mother and the daughter. He was young, handsome, and accomplished; an inimitable dancer, a perfect musician. His dress, his stud, and cabriolet were in the best taste, and he passed for a man of large fortune.

It may be asked how he supported this establishment? By play. Play, in men whose means are ample, if considered a vice, is thought a very venial one. He got admission into several clubs,—Crockford's among the rest:—his games were *écarté* and whist; games at which he was without a match. Cool, cautious, and calculating, he lost with perfect nonchalance, and won with the greatest seeming indifference.

There was a French *vicomte*, with whom he seemed to have no particular acquaintance, but who was in reality his ally and confederate, and who had accompanied him to England expressly that they might play into each other's hands. He belonged to one of the oldest families, and had one of those historical names that are a *passe par-tout*. I had seen him at the *soirées* of Paris, and he was in the habit at the *écarté* table, if he had come without money, which was not unfrequently the case, of claiming, when the division took place at the end of the game, two napoleons; pretending that at its commencement he had bet one on the winner. I need say no more.

He had signalised himself in several rencontres. I have him before me now, as he used to appear in the Tuileries' gardens, with his narrow hat, his thin face, and spare figure,—so spare, that sideways one might as well have fired at the edge of a knife. To this man Mascalbruni frequently pretended to have lost large sums, and it is now well known that they divided the profits of their gains during the season. No one certainly suspected either of unfair practices, though their uniform success might have opened the eyes of the blindest. The Marchioness of S.'s card-parties and those of Lady E. were a rich harvest, as well as the private routs and *soirées* to which they obtained easy admission. Lady M. was well aware that Mascalbruni had a *penchant* for play; but it seemed to occupy so little of his thoughts or intrench on his time, that it gave her no serious alarm.

I have not yet told you, however, as I ought to have done, that he was a favoured suitor.

The bishop, who, by nature of his office, was seldom in town, was a cypher in the family, and little thought of interfering with his lady in the choice of a son in-law.

But the season now drew to a close, and Mascalbruni received an invitation to pass the summer at the episcopal palace in the Emerald Isle.

Mascalbruni accompanied them to Ireland. That summer was a continual fete. It was settled that the wedding was to take place on their return to town the ensuing season.

In the mean time the intended marriage had been long announced in the Morning Post, and was declared in due form to the son at Naples. Louisa, who was her brother's constant correspondent, in the openness of her heart did not conceal from him that passion, no longer, indeed, a secret. Her letters teemed with effusions of her admiration for the talents, the accomplishments, and the virtues, (for such they seemed), of her intended—her *promesso sposo*, and the proud delight that a very few months would seal their union.

William, who had now had some experience of the Italians, and who had looked forward to his sister's marrying one of his college friends, an Irishman, with large estates in their immediate neighborhood, could not help expressing his disappointment, though it was urged with delicacy, at this foreign connexion. He wrote also to the bishop, and after obtaining from him all the necessary particulars as to the Marchese Mascalbruni—through what channel he became acquainted with them, by what letter got introduced to Lady ——, lost no time in proceeding to Rome, though the mountains were then infested by brigands, and the Pontine Marshes, for it was the month of September, breathed malaria.

Our consul was then at Civita Vecchia, but willingly consented to accompany Mr. M. to Rome, in order to aid in the investigation. He was intimate with Cardinal ——, and they immediately proceeded to his palace. They found from him that he had never heard the name of Mascalbruni; that there was no *marchese* in the pontifical states so called; and he unhesitatingly declared the letter to be a forgery, and its writer an imposter.

They then applied to the police, who, after some days' inquiry, discovered that a person answering the description given, had quitted Rome a few years before, and had been a clerk in the office of a *notario*.

No farther evidence was necessary to convict Mascalbruni of being a swindler; and, not trusting to a letter's safe arrival, Mr. M. travelled night and day till he reached the palace at ——.

It is not difficult to imagine the scene that ensued—the indignation of the father, the vexation and self-reproaches of the mother, or the heart-rending emotions of the unfortunate girl.

Mascalbruni at first, with great effrontery, endeavored to brave the storm; contended that Louisa was bound to him by the most sacred ties, the most solemn engagements, that his she should be,—or, if not his, that she should never be another's; denounced them as her murderers; and ended with threats of vengeance—vengeance that, alas! he too well accomplished.

It is not very well known what now became of Mascalbruni; but there is reason to believe that he lay *perdu* somewhere in the neighbourhood, watching like a vulture over the prey from which he had been driven, the corpse of what was once Louisa!

A suspicious-looking person was frequently seen at night-fall prowling about the environs of the palace; and Miss M.'s *femme de chambre*, with whom he is said to have carried on an intrigue, was observed by the servants in animated conversation with a stranger in the garb of a peasant among the shrubberies and pleasure grounds.

It was through her medium that Mascalbruni gained intelligence of all that was passing in the palace.

The shock which Louisa had sustained was so sudden, so severe, that, acting on a frame naturally delicate, it brought on a brain fever. Her ravings were so dreadful, and so extraordinary; and so revolting was the language in which she at times clothed them, that even her mother—and no other was allowed to attend her—could scarcely stay by her couch. How perfect a knowledge of human nature has Shakspeare displayed in depicting the madness of the shamelessly-wronged and innocent Ophelia!—The fragments of those songs to which her broken accents gave utterance, especially that which ends with

> "Who, in a maid, yet out a maid,
> Did ne'er return again,"

may suggest an idea of the wanderings of the poor sufferer's heated imagination.

For some weeks her life hung on a thread; but the affectionate cares and sympathy of a mother, and a sense of the unworthiness of the object of her regard, at last brought back the dawn of reason; and her recovery, though slow was sufficiently sure to banish all anxiety.

The afflictions as well as the affections of woman are, if I may judge by my own experience, less profoundly acute than those of our own sex. Whether this be owing to constitution or education, or that the superior delicacy and fineness of the nervous system makes them more easily susceptible of new impressions to efface the old, I leave it to the physiologist or the psychologist to explain. The river that is the most ruffled at the surface is seldom the deepest. Thus with Miss M. Her passion, like

> "A little brook, swoln by the melted snow,
> That overflows its banks, pour'd in her heart
> A scanty stream, and soon was dry again."*

In the course of three months the image of Mascalbruni, if not effaced from her mind, scarcely awakened a regret; and, save that at times a paleness overspread her cheek, rapidly chased by a blush, be it of virgin innocence or shame, no one could ever have discovered in her person or bearing any traces of the past.

At this time a paragraph appeared in the Court Journal of the day, nearly in these words:

"Strange rumours are afloat in the Sister Island respecting a certain Italian *marchese*, who figured at the clubs and about town during the last season. Revelations of an extraordinary nature, that hastened the return of the Honourable Mr. M. from the Continent, have led to a rupture of the marriage of the belle of the season, which we are authorised to say is definitively broken off."

It was a telegraph that the field was open for new candidates; but no one on this side the water answered it. Louisa M. was no longer the same,—the *préstige* was fled,—the bloom of the peach was gone.

Scarcely had four months elapsed, however, when fresh preparations were made for her marriage, and a day fixed for the nuptials.

The hour came; and behold, in the conventional language used on such occasions, the happy pair, Lady M. the bride-maids, and a numerous party of friends assembled in the chapel of the palace. The bishop officiated.

The ceremony had already commenced, and the rite was on the point of being ratified by that mystical type of union—the ring—when a figure burst through the crowd collected about the doors; a figure more like a spectre than a man.

So great a change had taken place in him, from the wild and savage life that he had been leading among the mountains, the privations he had endured, and the neglect of his person, that no one would have recognised him for the observed of all observers, the once elegant and handsome Mascalbruni. His hair, matted like the mane of a wild beast, streamed over his face and bare neck. His cheek was fallen, his eyes sunken in their sockets; yet in them burned, as in two dark caves, a fierce and sobre fire. His lips were tremulous and convulsed with passion; his whole appearance, in short, exhibited the same diabolical rage and thirst of vengeance that had electrified the *salle d'armes* in his memorable conflict. He advanced straight to the altar with long and hurried steps, and tearing aside the hands of the couple, the ring fell over the communion rails to the ground. So profound was the silence, so great the consternation and surprise the sight of this apparition created in the minds of all, that the sound of the ring, as it struck and rolled along the vaulted pavement, was audibly heard. It was an omen of evil augury,—a warning voice as from the grave to tell of the death of promised joys—of hopes destroyed—of happiness for ever crushed. He stood wildly waving his arms for a moment between the pair, looking as though they had been transformed into stone, more like two statues kneeling at a tomb than at the altar. Then he folded his arms; gazed with triumphant and ghastly smile at the bride; said, or rather muttered, "Mine she is!" then turning to the bridegroom, with a sneer of scorn and mockery he howled, "Mine she has been; now wed her!"

With these laconic words he turned on his heel, and regained without interruption the portal by which he had entered. So suddenly had all this passed, so paralysed and panic-stricken were the spectators and audience of this scene, that they could scarcely believe it to be other than a dream till they saw the bride extended without sense or motion on the steps. Thus was she borne, the service being unconcluded, to her chamber. The ceremony was privately completed the ensuing day.

No domestic felicity attended this ill-fated union. It was poisoned by doubts and suspicions, and embittered by the memory of Mascalbruni's words. "Mine she has been" continually rang in the husband's ears; and on the anniversary of that eventful day, after a lingering illness of many months, a matyr to disappointment and chagrin, she sunk into an untimely grave.

The next we hear of Mascalbruni was his being at Cheltenham. There he frequented the rooms under very different auspices, and had to compete with another order of players than those he had been in the habit of duping. He was narrowly watched and detected in the act of pocketing a queen from an *écarté* pack. The consequence was his expulsion from the club with ignominy. His name was placarded, and his fame, or rather infamy, noised with a winged speed all over the United Kingdom.

It was no longer a place for him. In the course of the ensuing week the following announcement was made in a well-known and widely-circulated weekly paper. It was headed—

"*An Italian black sheep.*

"We hope in a short time to present our readers with the exploits of a new Count Fathom, a *soi disant* marchese, better known than trusted, the two first syllables of whose name more than rhyme with *rascal*. And as it is our duty to un-*mask all* such, we shall confine ourselves at present to saying that he has been weighed at a fashionable watering-place in Gloucestershire, and found wanting, or rather practising certain sleights of hand for which the charlatans of his own country are notorious. He had better sing small here!"

Mascalbruni took the vulgar hint. His funds were nearly exhausted, and with but a few louis in his pocket he embarked at Dover, and once more repaired to Paris.

His prospects were widely different from those with which he had left it. To play the game I have described at *rouge et noir*, requires a capital. Every respectable house was closed against him. He now disguised his appearance, so that his former acquaintance should not be able to recognise him, and frequented the lowest hells—those *cloacæ*, the resort of all the *vilains* and *chenapans* the lowest dregs of the metropolis. By what practices this *mauvais sujet* contrived to support life here for some years is best known to the police, where his name stands chronicled pretty legibly; it is probable that he passed much of that time in one of the prisons, or on the roads.

Eighteen months had now elapsed, and the Honourable Mr. M. with his bride, to whom he had been a short time married, took an apartment in the Rue d'Artois. A man in a cloak—an *embocado*—which means one who enwraps his face in his mantle so that only his eyes are visible,—was observed from the windows often passing and repassing the hotel. The novelty of the costume attracted the attention of Mrs. M.; and the blackness of his eyes, and their peculiarly gloomy expression, made her take him for a Spaniard. She more than once pointed him out to her husband, and said one day, "Look, William, there stands that man again. He answers your description of a bandit, and makes me shudder to look at him.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," replied Mr. M. smilingly; "we are not at Terracina. It will be time enough to be frightened then."

The recollection of Mascalbruni had been almost effaced from his mind; but, had he met him face to face, it is not unlikely that he *would* have remembered the villain who had destroyed the hopes of his family, and marred their happiness for ever.

For some time he never went out at night unaccompanied by his wife, and always in a carriage. But a day came when he happened to dine without her in the Rue St Honoré. The weather being fine, and the party a late one, he sent away his cabriolet, and after midnight proceeded to walk home. Paris was at that time very badly lighted; the *reverberées* at a vast distance apart, suspended between the houses, giving a very dim and feeble ray. Few persons—there being then no *trottoirs*—were walking at that hour; and it so happened that not a soul was stirring the whole length of the street. But, within a few yards of his own door, the figure I have described rushed from under the shadow of a *porte cochere*, and plunged a dagger in his heart. He fell without a groan, and lay there till the patrol passed, when he was conveyed, cold and lifeless, to the arms of his bride, who was anxiously awaiting his return. Her agony I shall not make the attempt to depict; there are some sorrows that defy description.

Notwithstanding the boasted excellence of the Parisian police, the author of this crime, who I need not say was Mascalbruni, remained undiscovered.

Two years after this adventure, I was travelling in the Grisons, after having made a tour of the *petits cantons*, with my knapsack on my back, and a map of Switzerland in my pocket, to serve the place of a guide,—a description of persons to whom I have almost as great an objection as to cicerones, preferring rather to miss seeing what I should like to see, than to be told what I ought to like to see; not that it has fallen to the lot of many guides, or travellers either, to be present at a spectacle such as I am going to describe. I had been pacing nine good leagues; and that I saw it was merely accidental, for if *it* had not come in my way, I should not have gone out of mine to witness it.

Coire, the capital of the Grisons, my place of destination for the night, had just appeared, when I observed a great crowd collecting together immediately in front, but at some distance off, the peasants running in all directions from the neighbouring hills, like so many radii to meet in a centre.

One of these crossed me; and, on inquiring of him the occasion of all this haste and bustle, I learned that an execution was about to take place. My informant added with some pride that the criminal was not a Swiss, but an Italian. He seemed perfectly acquainted with all the particulars of the event that had transpired, for he had been present at the trial; and, as we walked along the road together, in his *patois*—bad German and worse French, with here and there a sprinkling of Italian,—he related to me in his own way what I will endeavour to translate.

"An Englishman of about twenty years of age was travelling, as you may be, on foot, about seven weeks ago, in this canton, having lately crossed the St. Gothard from Bellinzona. He was accompanied by a courier, whom he had picked up at Milan. They halted for some days in our town, waiting for the young gentleman's remittances from Genoa, where his letters of credit were addressed. On their arrival at Coire they had a guide; but the Italian persuaded his master, who seemed much attached to him, to discharge Pierre, on the pretence that he was thoroughly acquainted with the country, and spoke the language, which indeed he did. He was a dark brigand-looking fellow, with a particularly bad expression of countenance, and a gloomy look about his eyes; and, for my part, I am surprised that the young man should have ventured to trust himself in his company, for I should not like to meet his fellow on the road by myself even in the day-time. Well: the Englishman's money, a good round sum,—they say, two hundred napoleons d'or,—was paid him by an order on our bankers; and then they set out, but not as before.

"They had only been two days in company, when the villainous Italian, who either did not know the road over the mountains, or had purposely gone out of the way, thought it a good opportunity of perpetrating an act, no doubt long planned, which was neither more nor less than despatching his master. It was a solitary place, and a fit one for a deed of blood. A narrow path had been worn in the side of a precipice, which yawned to the depth of several hundred feet over a torrent that rushed, as though impatient of being confined, foaming and boiling through a narrow chasm opened for itself through the rocks. I could show you the spot, for I know it well, having a right of *commune* on the mountains; and have often driven my cows, after the melting of the snows, up the pass, to feed on the herbage, that, mixed with heath and rhododendrons, forms a thick carpet under foot. It is a pasture that makes excellent cheese.

"But solitary as the place looks, the Italian did not know that there are several *chalets*, mine among the rest, in the Alp: and herdsmen. As for me, I happened to be down in the plain, or I might have been an eye-witness of much of what I am about to describe. I was saying that the spot seemed to suit his purpose; and his impatience to ease his master of his gold was such, that, happily for the ends of justice, he could not wait till night-fall, or none but (and here he pointed to the sky) He above might have been privy to the crime. It was, however, mid-day. Into the deep-worn pass I have mentioned runs a rivulet, which, sparkling on the green bank, had made itself a little basin. The day was hot and sultry; and the young gentleman, tempted, it would seem, by the gentle murmur of the water as it fell, rippling over the turf, and its crystal brightness stooped down to drink. The Italian watched this opportunity, sprung upon him like a tiger, and plunged a dagger; which he always carried concealed about him, into the Englishman's back. Fortunately, however, the point hit upon the belt in which he carried his money, perhaps on the napoleons; for, before the assassin could give him a second blow, he sprang up and screamed for help, calling 'Murder, murder!'

"Three of the herdsmen whom I have mentioned heard the cries, and came running towards the direction whence they proceeded, when they discovered two men struggling with each other; but, before they could reach them, one had fallen, and the other was in the act of rifling him, in order afterwards to hurl him down the precipice into the bed of the river. So intent was he on the former of these occupations, that he did not perceive my countrymen till they seized him. He made much resistance; but his dagger was not within his reach. They bound his hands, and, together, with the lifeless corpse of his master, transported him to Coire, where, not to enter into the trial, he was condemned to death.

"But he has been now some weeks in prison, in consequence of our not being able to procure a *bourreau*; and we have been forced to send for one to Bellinzona, no Grison being willing to perform the office. He arrived last night; and how do you think, sir? According to our laws, he is to be executed with a sword that has not been used for forty years,—no murder having been committed in the canton during all that period,—though no sword could be applied to better purpose than it will in a few moments."

Whilst he was thus speaking, we reached the dense circle already formed. On seeing a stranger approach, they made room for me; and curiosity to witness this mode of execution, the remnant of barbarous times, as well as to see the Italian, induced me to enter the Place de Grève.

At the first glance I recognised Mascalbruni. He was stripped of his shirt, on his knees; by his side was a Jesuit to whom he had just made his confession; and over him, on an elevation from the ground by means of a large stone, stood the *prevôt*, with a sword of prodigious length and antique shape, and covered with rust of ages, pendent in his hands.

The lower part of Mascalbruni's face was fallen, whilst all above the mouth was drawn upwards as from some powerful convulsion. The eyes, that used to bear the semblance of living coals, had in them a concentrated and sullen gloom. The cold and damp of the cell, and the scantiness of his diet, which consisted of bread and water, had worn his cheek to the bone, and given it the sallowness of one in the black stage of cholera. His face was covered with a thick beard, every hair of which stood distinct from its fellows; and his matted locks, thickly sprinkled with grey, trailed over his ghastly features and neck in wild disorder. His shoulders down to the waist were, as I said, bare; and they and his arms displayed anatomically a muscular strength that might have served as a model for a gladiator. Over all was thrown an air of utter prostration moral and physical,—the desolation of despair.

A few yards to the right, the priest, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, seemed absorbed in prayer; and between them the *bourreau*, who might have superseded Tristan in his office, and been a dangerous rival in the good graces of Louis the Eleventh. He called to mind a figure of Rubens',—not the one who is turning round in the Descent of the Cross at Antwerp, and saying to the thief, writhing in horrible contortions after he has wrenched his lacerated foot from the nail, "*Sacre, chien,*"—but a soldier in another of his pictures in the Gallery at Brussels (the representation of some martyrdom,) who has just torn off the ear of the saint with a pair of red-hot princers, and is eyeing it with a savage complacency.

It was, in short, exactly such a group, with its pyramidical form, and startling contrasts of colour and expression, as the great Flemish painter could have desired.

A dead silence, which the natural horror, the novelty of the scene created, prevailed among the assembled crowd; and it spoke well for the morality and good feeling of the simple peasantry, that not a woman was present on the occasion.

The hand of the swordsman was raised, and the stroke fell on the neck of the culprit: but, horrible to say,—what was it then to witness?—though given with no common vigour, so blunt was the instrument, that, instead of severing the head it only inflicted a gash which divided the tendons of the neck, and the undecapitated body fell doubled up, whilst only a few *gouts* of blood issued from the wound.

The tortured wretch's groans and exclamations found an echo in all bosoms; and it was not till after two more sabre strokes that the head lay apart, and rolled upwards in the dust. I then saw what I have heard described of Charlotte Cordé after she had been guillotined;—the muscles of the face were convulsed as if with sensibility, and the eyes glared with horrid meaning, as though the soul yet lingered there. Even the executioner could scarcely meet their scowl without shuddering.

It was the first and last spectacle of this kind at which I mean ever to be present; and I should not have awaited its awful termination, could I have penetrated through the living wall that was a barrier to my exit.

You may now guess from whom I obtained many of the details contained in this memoir of Mascalbruni. It was from the confessor, who had endeavoured, but in vain, to give him spiritual consolation in the dungeon and at the block. The Jesuit and myself had mutual revelations to make to each other, connecting the present with the past, and which have enabled me to weave the dark tissue of life's thread into one piece. I repeat the last words of the good old man at our final interview,—"May God have mercy on his soul!"

F. Medwin.

A few greasy companions of black diamond Murphy lately dined together at Lord's Cricket-ground at the rate of three shillings a head, and the quantity of bacon and cabbage consumed cannot easily be imagined. But we regret to say that the entertainment did not conclude very agreeably, as, according to Wittol Harvey's reporter, "the gentlemen were much importuned by the waiter for a gratuity." An application of such a nature must have been very offensive to the gentlemen, as it is monstrous to expect that gentlemen should ever pay attention to such a paltry matter as remunerating a waiter.

Short Names.—Married, at New Orleans, Mr. Alexander Philip Socrates Emilius Cæsar Hannibal Marcellus George Washington Treadwell, to Miss Carolina Sophia Maria Julianne Wortley Montague Joan of Arc Pope; *all* of that city.

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* Singularly enough, when her body was discovered near the Ponte Rotto, she was untouched by the fish, as though they even ventured not to deface her celestial purity. She looked like a marble form that slept

A MARTINET.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Having completed my six years as a midshipman, I was destined to undergo an examination on seamanship at Malta, previous to returning to England, where the usual scrutiny at Portsmouth College awaited me.

The College examination is a fair and straightforward one. If a man be qualified he is sure to pass; if he be not, he is almost as sure to be rejected. The candidates, therefore, before going on trial, may form a pretty accurate idea of the probable result; as every one must be more or less conscious whether or not he possess the information requisite. He who in his own breast pleads guilty to ignorance, may well tremble for his fate at Portsmouth College; he, on the contrary, who feels confident of being well acquainted with his duty, may approach the ordeal without the slightest dread. No unfairness, no brow-beating, no ungentlemanlike usage, is to be apprehended for those who are qualified; while those who are not, may hope for no favour or partiality to carry them through. Justice is the object of examination; openness and candour characterise the conduct of it.

But the ordeal which now awaited me at Malta was of a very different description. I was to be arraigned before the captains of the ships in harbour; and I do not say too much when I state, that the result of the investigation was a perfect lottery! No one, however high his qualifications, can be *certain* of passing a trial of this description; while at the same time the greatest dunces frequently come off with flying colours.

Very much, indeed, depends upon the individual characters of the men before whose tribunal the youngster is to stand; and if the majority of his judges chance to be possessed of the many good qualities which attach to the mere name of a British naval officer, he need be under no alarm. But unfortunately this cannot always be depended on. The passing captains are frequently martinets, who delight in brow-beating and perplexing the trembling youth before them; frequently they are coxcombs, who make him a mere foil to the display of their own seamanship; sometimes they are coarse, ill-bred swaggering fellows, who terrify him out of what knowledge he may happen to possess, by harsh words, sour looks, and sounding oaths; and sometimes they are men who have "tempers of their own;" who are determined at all ventures to puzzle, and who, for this amiable purpose, are constantly throwing the vessel which the unlucky youth has raised in his imagination, into situations awkward enough to perplex an admiral. Such are the chances *against* the candidate!

On the other hand, a man may sometimes be fortunate enough to meet with kind, good-natured fellows, who will do all in their power to help and to encourage him; or with fools, who are too ignorant themselves to discover whether he be ignorant or not; or with whimsical fellows, who may take a fancy to "the cut of his jib;" or with men who are fond of a joke, and who will pass him right or wrong, if he be fortunate enough to say a good thing, or to afford them any cause for the indulgence of their risible propensities. These are the chances in his favour!

I remember at Malta one unfortunate youth named Richards, the day of whose trial was fixed; and who, from the known characters of his judges, had good reason to be anxious about the result. On the morning previous to his examination, I found him in a dreadfully agitated state; and in order to encourage and reassure him as much as I could, I took him out with me, and endeavoured, during a long walk, to explain to him any difficulties that occurred. After a good deal of questioning and cross-questioning, poor Richards, finding himself *au fait*, began to take courage, and to look forward with confidence to the result of the morrow.

We had been perambulating about in this manner for nearly a couple of hours, and I was just about to accompany him on board, when whom should we meet, plump in the face, but one of his passing captains.

"Well, youngster!" said the skipper, addressing my companion; "so you are going to pass to-morrow, eh!—to try it at least, eh!—Very well! see you are prepared; for by G—d it shall be no child's play! I'll work you, my boy; I promise you I will!"

"It will never do, Ned!" said the poor fellow to me, as soon as the captain was gone. "It will never do! I'm sure to be rejected!"

"Nonsense!" I replied. "Keep your spirits up, and never say die! Every body knows that that fellow does not always bite when he snarls!"

"Well!" said the desponding youth, "it may be; but *you'll see I'll be rejected!*"

The eventful hour at length arrived; and poor Richards approached his fate with a palpitating heart. As there were six others for trial at the same time, they were apportioned among the different captains; each taking upon himself the examination of one.

"If you will allow me," said our friend of the previous day to the senior officer; "if you will allow me, I should like to examine Mr. Richards!"

"Certainly!" replied the senior captain, and the poor fellow, as white as a sheet, was immediately called forward.

"Now, sir," said the captain, addressing him, and assuming a very grave and severe expression of countenance; "now sir; let us see what sort of an officer you make! You are the officer of the watch, sir, of the —— Frigate—don't forget her name, sir!—there's a heavy gale of wind from the southward—do you hear, sir; pay attention to what I'm saying to you, sir!—I'll lay my life you have forgotten what point the wind was in!—mark me, sir! for it's important!—the gale is from the south-west, sir! remember, the south-west! plenty of sea-room, sir; vessel made all snug for the night, lying to under trysails! do you mark that, sir! under trysails!—Well, sir! the captain comes on deck and says to you—observe what the captain says, sir; he says to you, '*Mr. Richards! how's her head?*' You of course make the proper response; after which the captain, putting his hand in his pocket, takes out a small leathern case—mark, sir; a leathern case!—and presenting it to you, in an easy sort of a way, he offers you a cigar. Now, sir—answer me immediately, sir—which end of the cigar would you put into your mouth?"

The poor middy, who, as the captain was proceeding with this address, was looking forward to some awfully formidable question, was so thunderstruck by this unexpected termination of the harangue, that, not knowing whether it was meant in joke or in earnest, he stood for a moment without opening his lips.

"Come, sir!" cried the captain—"quick!—which end!"

"The twisted one!" replied the youngster, who was fortunately well practised in the use of cigars. "The twisted one, sir, if a Havannah; and either end the same, if a Cheroot!"

"Excellent!" cried the captain, throwing himself back in his seat in a roar of laughter "Capital, sir!—very well answered indeed sir!—Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Richards is extremely well qualified to make an excellent officer!"

The youth was accordingly duly passed! and all his evil forebodings ended. This was one of the *lucky* turns of the wheel; and we all congratulated him heartily on having drawn a prize.

When my own turn for trial came, my hopes were none of the brightest, Indeed, from the well-known character of one of the captains who was to officiate at my examination, I "booked myself" in the "*returned list*," as a matter almost of certainty.

This man, whom I shall for the present designate Captain Dinmont, was a dreadful martinet; detested and despised by all who were unfortunate enough to have any connection with him. The agnomen by which he was familiary known in the service, was the somewhat flattering one of "*The Scotch Terrier*;" and as far as person, manners, and temper were concerned, never was name more happily applied.

Captain Dinmont was a man of low stature; and his little thick, bandy legs were so short, as to bear no proportion to the length of his body. His arms, too, were short, with a slight bend outwards beneath the biceps; and if he could be imagined, Nebuchadnezzar-like, upon all-fours, he would have formed no inaccurate representation of one of his canine namesakes of the genuine Skye breed. His countenance was sharp, and extremely ill-favoured; his gray eyes were keen and fiery; and there was an habitual grin about the corners of his mouth, which tending to keep the lips somewhat apart, displayed a partial glimpse of a case of large and extremely illformed teeth.

His temper was hot, and easily excited. He was constantly snapping and snarling at everything and everybody; and he was never known to speak a civil word, unless to serve some underhand purpose. In short, to use a slang, but in this instance a very appropriate phrase, he was "*thorough varmint*;" and, he would have matched with the fiercest of the Dandy Dinmont breed in everything save courage; in which, both moral and physical, he was wofully deficient. To complete his character, his ideas of *honour* were none of the most scrupulous; moreover, he was a fool;

> "A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear!"

With the fear of this awful personage before my eyes, it may be supposed that I had not much pleasure in contemplating my approaching trial; and I cannot tell how delighted I was, when I found that he was ordered to sail for Naples, on the very morning of the day appointed for the examination.

Congratulating myself at having thus luckily escaped the "*Terrier*," and having no such dread of any of the others, I began to pick up courage; and, indeed, I was so much relieved as to give myself little farther concern about the matter. But, alas! I was not destined to get rid of him so easily.

I was walking about with Neville, on the evening immediately preceding the eventful day, laughing and joking in the highest spirits, when I received an order from Captain Dinmont, directing me to be on board his vessel by day-break in the morning, as he intended to examine me before sailing, and to sign my certificate *if he found me qualified*.

Here was a sad turn of fortune. However there was no help for it; I was obliged to submit; and in order to ascertain as well as I could "how the land lay," I determined to go on board of him immediately, and have a little private chat with one of his lieutenants; a very intimate friend of mine, and an extremely fine fellow.

"Well," said he, as soon as I had shaken hands with him; "I know what you're come about.—In a bit of a funk, eh?"

"A little," I replied; "but I hope you will be able to help me through."

"I can tell you one thing for your government," replied my friend. "I overheard our captain telling the first lieutenant that you were to be on board, and that he was to make you get the vessel under weigh, as a part of your examination!"

"Comfortable!" said I. "With a crew of whom I know nothing, and a man like Dinmont prowling over me, and looking out on purpose to find fault; this will be a very pleasant morning's exercise!"

"Don't alarm yourself," said my friend.—Dinmont does everything by regular routine and plan; and I can very soon teach you, word for word, the whole ceremony of getting under weigh, as practised by himself."

"Indeed!" I replied.

"Nay, more," he continued; "I can let you up to some of his peculiarities. You know he is a fool—heaven forgive me!—and a coxcomb to boot. His *own* mode of doing everything connected with the business of a ship he considers the best; and, moreover, he thinks it impossible for any other man to do things exactly as *he* does them. He has, besides, certain favourite expressions, the use of which he considers a proof of consummate seamanship; and I can teach you these to the letter!"

"Then, you propose that I should get the vessel under weigh in Dinmont's own style; giving the same directions that he gives, and even using his own peculiar phraseology? Don't you think the old fellow will be apt to get testy, if we attempt to show him up in this way?"

"He! why the old fool will never see the joke! On the contrary, if you perform your part well, he will set you down as an excellent seaman, and send you on shore with a flaming certificate. But, come along; if you are an apt scholar, and don't take too much grog aboard during my tuition, I'll undertake to have you on deck by daydawn, a proficient in the whole ceremony!"

Having, accordingly, been duly instructed by my friend, I was at my post by day-break, quite *au fait* at my part, and full of confidence.

Captain Dinmont received me with his usual gruffness; grinning at me through his eyes like a hyena, and favouring me with a few salutation oaths by way of foretaste of what was to come. When he ordered me to take charge of the vessel, I of course looked very much astonished; pretending to be taken quite unawares, and to be extremely embarrassed.

However, I made no objections, but set to work forthwith; giving his own directions in his own words, and in the same routine order in which he would have given them himself; dropping also every now and then one of his own peculiar phrases, as nearly as I could in his own gruff intonation. The officers on board, all of whom knew the trick, could scarcely maintain their gravity; but Captain Dinmont did not seem to have the slightest suspicion of the caricature. On the contrary, he appeared to be quite pleased with my superior seamanship; and frequently, as the ceremony proceeded, and as I chanced to issue any order peculiarly his own, he would give one of his feline smiles, and ejaculate, "*Excellent! By the Great Immortal, very good!*"

The duty being completed, he signed my certificate without asking me a question; and inclosed it in a note to the other passing captains, which cleared me entirely from any "delicate little inquiries" on their parts. As I jumped over the side into the boat, my "friend and tutor" shook me cordially by the hand, declaring that I had acted my part to the life, "and done the skipper to a turn!"

I now only waited for a vessel to convey me to England; and in about six weeks, not a little to my chagrin, I was ordered a passage on board the Acheron, the very vessel of which this identical Dinmont was commander. She was daily expected from Naples, and was under orders to sail in twenty-four hours after her arrival. I had scarcely time to take leave of my numerous kind friends at Malta, before I was hurried off; heartily cursing the ill-fortune that doomed me to sail with so very unpopular a commander.

However, there was nothing else for it; and, when I went on board, Captain Dinmont seemed very much pleased to see me; and he gave me the charge of a watch over the heads of two or three of his own midshipmen who were considerably my seniors. This arrangement, it might be supposed, was calculated to create an unpleasant feeling towards me in the midshipmen's berth. It had, however, quite a contrary effect; the youngsters whom I had superseded being too much pleased to get rid of a piece of duty, the most disagreeable certainly that I was ever called upon to perform.

The Acheron was most appropriately named; she was a perfect floating Pandemonium. Captain Dinmont to his many other amiable qualities, added that of being a thorough "*tuft-hunter*;" and he carried home a most motley assemblage of rarities, intended as presents to propitiate the smiles of the more influential and useful among his patrons and friends. Amongst other things, he had on board a perfect *menagerie* of all sorts of animals; antelopes, young wild-boars, Greek greyhounds, and so forth. The pet of all, however, was a fine half-grown cub lion, which when the weather permitted, possessed one half of the deck for a couple of hours at a time, under the guidance of a man in the main-rigging, who held him by a rope fastened round his neck.

When this beauty was taking his exercise, the officer of the watch had to retreat to the poop; and what with the growling of the lion, the barking, roaring, and squeaking, of the rest of the collection, together with the incessant snapping and snarling of the *Scotch Terrier*, his situation was certainly anything but an agreeable one.

As for Captain Dinmont, heaven grant that I may never again have anything to do with such an insufferable martinet. His whole study and endeavour seemed to be, how he could make those who were under him as thoroughly miserable as circumstances would permit. Towards myself, his conduct was brutal in the extreme. Perform my duty in what manner I would, I was sure to get cursed and sworn at; and I was rated a dozen times a-day as "an ignorant booby," "a lazy cub," "a d——d good-for-nothing," and so forth.

However, there was nothing for it but "patient resignation." Indeed under similar circumstances, it has always been my rule to wear the exterior of perfect submissiveness; and, keeping down as well as possible the haughty boiling of my blood, patiently, according to the old Scotch legend, to "bide my time." Often, when the ill-usage of the snarling "Terrier" was carried to some insulting excess, have I been tempted to retaliate upon the spot; but I still succeeded in keeping my indignation under due control; satisfied that the time when I would be relieved from his thraldom would eventually arrive, bringing with it perhaps the opportunity of revenging myself for his undeserved and ungentlemanlike treatment.

Yes! I cannot deny that on this occasion I did cherish a feeling of revenge; and those of my readers who may think such a feeling bad or ungenerous, may perhaps be better able to sympathize with me, if they will make a single cruise under a low-bred, illiterate, ill-tempered superior officer!

For two months, including a week at Gibraltar, I had to endure his tyranny; but I was equal with him before we parted!

At Chatham we were paid off, and the officers and ship's company were landed at the dockyard; whence, having received their pay, they were brought once more on board the Acheron, in order to be finally discharged.

On the evening previous to the day on which our discharge was expected, there was a great deal of conversation in the midshipmen's berth, as to the probability of the captain refusing to give us certificates of good conduct. The truth was, we had all come in for so ample a share of his abuse, that none of us could flatter himself with being in any way in his good graces. At all events, we were satisfied, that if he did not *volunteer* the certificates, we had no chance of getting them; so we agreed among ourselves, as the most manly course, that none of us would condescend to ask for them. Indeed, to have done so, would merely have been to expose ourselves to a refusal, accompanied, in all probability, with a parting broadside of his abuse.

For my own part, I cannot say that I had much anxiety upon the subject. I was too well pleased to get rid of the snarling captain; and I determined, as soon as I was at liberty to do so, to leave the ship. And, indeed, as the old horse in the fable said to the broken cart, "little sorrow there would be at parting!"

My chest and other traps were already in the wherry; and I was in the act of shaking hands with my messmates, when I was told that the captain wanted to see me.

"Confound the captain!" I grumbled; "can't he leave me at peace in these my 'last moments!'"

"What can he want with you, Widoe!" said one of my messmates. "I trust no evil!"

"Heaven knows," I replied; "but I suppose I must go and see."

When I reached the cabin, I found the captain sitting, with his clerk opposite to him, at a table covered with papers.

"You are in a great hurry to leave my ship, Mr. Lascelles?" he said, in a sort of sneering tone, and turning half round to me as I entered.

I bowed.

"You have forgotten your certificate!"

I again bowed.

"There," said he, lifting a folded paper from the table, and tossing it towards me. "There sir!—look at it!"

When I opened the paper, I perceived at the first glance that it was not written in the usual form; and on reading it, I found, to my utter surprise, that it contained a very high recommendation of me to any officers under whom I might hereafter serve.

"Well, sir," growled the captain, when I had finished the perusal, and stood with the paper, which I had carefully refolded, in my hand. "Well sir!—will *that* do?"

I again bowed lower than before; and advancing up the cabin, I very deliberately replaced the certificate upon the table.

"What the d—l's the matter now," roared the captain, his eyes flashing with fury. "D—n the fellow, is he not satisfied."

"Captain Dinmont," I replied, in a deliberate and collected tone, "I have been under your command for two months; and during the whole of that time, you have never ceased to abuse me for ignorance, inattention, and everything else that is unbecoming an officer. If I am in truth all which that certificate says I am, I should have met with other treatment at your hands; if I do not merit the encomiums you have there bestowed on me, they are valueless in my eyes."

A short pause ensued. Captain Dinmont's face became absolutely distorted with rage, and his whole frame trembled with agitation.

"Leave the cabin, sir," he roared out, when his fury at last allowed him utterance. "Leave the cabin sir. Start, when I order! You think you are now out of my control; but, by the Great Immortal, you shall find that I have some power over you *still!*"

I had scarcely rejoined my shipmates, when the boat, which lay alongside, with my traps, was ordered to discharge its cargo; and for more than an hour I was kept pacing about the deck, totally ignorant of what was to occur, or of the manner in which the captain would choose to vent his rage upon me.

At length the clerk, who had witnessed the fracas, came on deck; and taking me aside, he told me that the captain had addressed a letter to one of the Lords of the Admiralty, in which he had denounced me as a person totally unfit to have the charge of a watch; nay, more, he had stated that I was negligent, inattentive, and had been more than once found drunk on duty.

"I assure you, sir," continued the clerk, "no one can regret what has occurred more than I do; and I advise you to make an apology, and request the captain to give you the certificate. Should the matter come to a court-martial, sir, I pledge myself to stand by you; but I strongly advise you, as the best couse you can adopt, to apologise."

"I only wish," I replied, "that I had kept the certificate when I had it; and I might then have despised this disgraceful letter. Matters, indeed, at present wear a very threatening aspect. As to a court-martial, I fear I have little chance of obtaining a hearing against my captain; and, as to apologising, I tell you once for all, *I never will!*"

"If you will not do so in person, sir," replied the clerk; "at least allow me to do so in your name. I think Captain Dinmont will still give you the certificate, if you will permit me to state to him that you are sorry for what has happened. Indeed, sir, I think this is your only chance of escaping very serious consequences."

After a good deal of persuasion, I at length gave the good-natured clerk his own way; permitting him to pursue what method he thought most likely to sooth the captain's offended feelings, and to state my willingness to receive the certificate.

Accordingly, after the lapse of about half-an-hour, I was again summoned to the cabin. I found the captain still seated at the table, with a most sarcastic, malevolent grin on his odious countenance; the certificate, and the letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, lying close beside each other before him.

"So, sir," he said, in a sneering tone. "So, sir, you've come to your senses at last, have you, eh! By the Great Immortal, sir, it is well for you that you have. Well, sir; there's the certificate; take it up."

I eagerly laid hold of the important document, and secured it in my pocket.

"Now, sir; be off!—Good bye to you!"

He extended his huge paw towards me as he spoke; intending to honour me by shaking hands.

"Never, sir!" I replied, drawing back my hand, and rejecting the proffered civility. "Never, sir! Untold gold would not bribe me to give the hand of friendship to *you!* Sir, I cannot express the ineffable scorn I feel for you! The contents of that imfamous letter before you are perfectly known to me; and I have only to say that baser falsehoods never emanated from a human heart! Nay, sir; you need not storm! I am now beyond the reach of your resentment; and whatever steps your unmanly malice may incline you to adopt against me, you will do well to recollect that *I have got your certificate*, and you know what are the contents of the certificate. Represent against me as you will, and where you will; every statement you make to my discredit shall, by the evidence of this certificate, prove you to be a liar! You would do well, sir, for your own sake, to temper your malice, and remember this! Sir, I wish you a good morning!"

Captain Dinmont, like most other bullies, was a coward. He had not a single word to say to me in reply; and, leaving him to digest my address as he best could, I quitted his floating Pandemonium, and went on shore.

LONDON TABLE TALK.

The Duke of Buckingham is said to be "much reduced in weight." From this we are to presume that his Grace has passed the ordeal of the *scale* and has been found wanting.

"When I am done over, mind and carry me to bed," was the instruction given by Blandford to his new valet. "But, my lord," stuttered the man, "how am I to tell when you are done over?" "By seeing me under the table!" concluded the ex-radical Marquis.

"You cut to measure, of course?" observed Mrs. Leicester Stanhope to Harrington. "Always," rejoined the Earl. "By the yard or ell?" continued the lady. "By neither," replied the noble snip, "the measure most in use by me is the *foot.*"

Not only has Hesketh Fleetwood in contemplation the erection of a new town, but he has actually undertaken to *people* it! How truly great in his generation is this worthy man.

"Granville is a strange fish," remarked the *Fool-'em* Baron to his *price*-ous half. "Strange, my dear? not at all," rejoined the Baroness; "I have always found him, as far as my experience goes, in every respect like other men."—Stultz bowed to the superior judgment of his lady.

The following *bull* has been perpetrated by a correspondent of a morning paper, who, writing from Havre, says, "a dozen fat *oxen* arrived by the English packet for one of the principal graziers in this neighborhood—they are destined to *improve the breed* of the cattle here."

It has been suggested to Lyne Stephens to start *Duvernay* in *hop*-position to the *Taglioni* on the Windsor-road. The hint is worth a consideration.

Garth, it is reported, intends to cut Doncaster, the people in the town, with one exception, having cut him; he has accordingly sent word to his friend Bolton, the auctioneer, to sell off his stud (!), consisting of a worn out hack or two, a spavined hunter, a cart-horse, colt, and Shetland pony! His *baggage* being with him in town, will, in all probability, be *got rid of* about Christmas.

"What will you have for dinner, my dear," said the Duchess of Kent to the Queen, for, with a mother's fondness, her Royal Highness gives the daily order to the butcher. "Lamb," cried Victoria. "Lamb, my love, is out of season," responded the Duchess gently. "Lamb out of season!" cried the Queen—"*Lamb* out of season indeed—not while Melbourne is my premier."

Oh! 'tis Love, 'tis Love.—We have frequently been asked if the report be true that Lord Harborough had discarded Miss Love, or we should rather say, Mrs. Calcraft. A rumor of that kind has been current, but we believe his lordship now to be as much in love as ever. In respect to Calcraft himself, it is considered singular that one who is, as Glo'ster says, "curtailed of man's fair proportion," should have ventured on matrimony with such a lady. But like the wisdom of the lords, the propensity for actresses is hereditary. His grandfather formed a connection with Miss Bellamy, the mother of the late Mr. Calcraft, and afterwards associated himself with Miss Bride, subsequently Mrs. Lefevre. The son was most especially linked with Miss Chester, and his hopeful progeny imitated his parent by choosing an actress also. The husband of Lord Harborough's favorite is therefore rather to be pitied for his infatuation; he evidently could not help it as it ran in the family, any more than he might escape mental imbecility or the king's evil.

Lady Jersey's visits to Walmer Castle have, it should seem, with the exception of the present year, been viewed in the light of profitable investments of time, for on her return from her annual visit the other day, she was remarking to a friend on the great falling off perceptible in the Duke. "Indeed!" responded the friend. "Yes," rejoined the Countess with an elongated visage, "I never left the castle before without *a little something* to convince me that past friendship was remembered, but on the present occasion, I honestly confess to you, he appeared to forget all about it."

Lord Strangford has been unanimously elected by the Carlton Committee, supervisor of the kitchen—a post for which he is eminently qualified, and which he formerly filled with much credit to himself and honor to the Club. The duties of the kitchen maids under his supervision, it is rumored, will be so much increased as to render an additional number necessary.

Cupid Palmerston was attempting the other day, at the royal dinner table, to make pretty speeches to the Queen, in order to ingratiate himself with his royal mistress. The subject of the civic entertainment having been started, Cupid observed, with an engaging air, "The Lord Mayor will find difficulty enough in providing a *dinner* worthy of your Majesty, but hopeless indeed will be any attempt to give you your *desert.*" The Queen smiled—no more.

It is very strange that the papers will not allow the Queen to be like mortals in general. It is well known that her Majesty has legs, but we must presume that it is not as generally known that her Majesty makes any use of them. It is stated that "her Majesty is expected to walk out on Monday or Tuesday next." We hope that such an effort will in no way affect her royal health.—The honor conferred upon the ground on which she treads is indescribable; and we expect that the Brighton people will erect a monument to commemorate the event. It must not be supposed that her Majesty has legs conferred upon her for the purpose of walking.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1837.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our English friend and correspondent will be surprised to learn that his report of the 1st October meeting did not reach us till this week. It has travelled far, and comes to us so late, that its contents have been anticipated.

To S. M. L. we reply that we have not been able to see the advertiser of the horse he wishes. So soon as we can meet him we will reply.

There is a prospect of obtaining the Setter desired at something less than the former figure.

H. M. C.'s communication reached us in safety, and will receive attention at the earliest leisure of the Editor.

Subright next week.

A correspondent desires to learn the owner of Farmer's Damsel, (the dam of Henry Archy and Betsey Andrew,) and also if the entry, No. 34, in the great sweepstakes next Spring, ought not to be "Produce of Barefoot and Farmer's Damsel," instead of Henry, out of same mare. Will Mr. Laird inform us?

The gentleman who so kindly left at our office a number of late English papers—among others the last *Bell's Life*, will accept our sincere thanks. They have been of great use to us, as our own files of the same date are detained in the Liverpool packet of the 1st Nov., which has not yet arrived.

In the report of the Tarboro' Races last week, the weights carried in the handicap race were omitted by our correspondent, and our compositor inadvertently inserted "weights as before," which may or may not have been correct.

Our Agents will take notice, that henceforth they must receive no subscriptions for the present volume, to commence with the *first* number, or from the 20th Feb. last. We can supply files from No. 7, but no farther back.

Some fatality would seem to attend the receipt of our racing reports. We sent an agent to Augusta, Ga., purposely to report the races, which commenced on the 5th inst, and to this day have received no further report than the Augusta newspaper slips, sent us by Express Mail, and from which we last week gave the results. We are in a similar predicament as to the New Orleans, though from quite another and more justifiable cause.

Sale of the Hampton Court Stud.—A full report of this sale will be found in another column. Americans will be glad to learn that Mr. Tattersall himself has become the owner of The Colonel, and at a reasonable price. It is very obvious that the prices brought by the Stud have been much affected by the absence of American competitors. All must regret this, but we cannot doubt *The Colonel* will yet find his way across the Atlantic. We hope to be able to give next week, from our own correspondent the names of the principal purchasers.

To Breeders.—Upon referring to the last page of this sheet, it will be perceived that the advertisement of Stallions for the coming season has been commenced, on the same plan as last year. The terms are added thereto. We commence the list early upon the suggestion of a valued friend and turfman, as it is of importance to breeders to be enabled early to enter into correspondence on the subject.

John G. Winter, Esq., intends sending *Hickory John* to Le Grange, Troop County, Ga., where he will commence his first season under the care of Messrs. Herring & Jeter.

Lexington, Ky., Dec., 1837.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times,—Dear Sir—Thinking that you might, perhaps, some time since, have come to the conclusion that Zoloe had died a natural death, I write you this to inform you that if such was your conclusion, it was entirely a mistake. *Big John*, I understand, has been laid up, and *Hickory John* has, perhaps, won his last race. Tell us what has become of *Blue Black* since that cracking race of his at Augusta. We are anxious to know where *Luzborough* will stand next season. I shall address you next from New Orleans, and if there are any items of racing intelligence you shall have them. I understand that *Columbus* will stand again next season at Lexington.

In haste, very respectfully yours, &c. Zoloe.

Blood Stock of G. Edmonson, Esq., of Augusta, Ga.

Mr. Edmonson has recently bought gr. c. *Kite*, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 years old, and also b. c. *Southerner*, by Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen, 4 years old, of John Morrison, Esq., for $6000. Mr. Edmondson's stable is not now surpassed by any in Georgia, and consists of the following horses in training:—

Kite, gr. c. by Bullock's Mucklejohn, out of Eliza Splotch, 4 yrs.
Turnbull, gr. h. by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs.
Southerner, b. c. by Mucklejohn, out of the dam of Am. Citizen, 4 yrs.
Ione, ch. f. by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs.
Alice Ann, gr. f. by Director, dam by Old Gallatin, 3 yrs.
Charlotte Barnes, b. f. by Old Bertrand, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs.

He has besides the following brood mares and young stock:—

S. m. by Old Gallatin, dam by Bedford.
B. m. by Lance, dam by Imp. Expedition.
Ch. f. by Andrew, dam by Double Gallatin, 1 yr.
Ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of the Gallatin and Bedford mare, 1 yr.
Ch. f. by Bertrand Jr. dam by Double Gallatin, foaled 1837.
Ch. c. by Bertrand Jr., out of the Gallatin and Bedford mare, foaled 1837.

LETTER FROM ARKANSAS.

Little Rock, (Arks.) Nov. 23d, 1837.

Dear P,—The result of the *great race—the race of races*, reached me last night—7:44—7:43½—7:56½ is great indeed. Where to place the bright feather is a delicate task—the close struggle in the last heat, by Fanny Wyatt, after contending for the other heats; the brilliant manner in which the "*Sumptuous*" three year old, won the first heat, and his gallant struggle afterwards; the game race of the crippled Mingo; and the extraordinary performance of the fair Lady, have won for them all, fame which dieth not. I doubt not, if either of the four will soon recover from the effects of this race. Mingo I conceive to be the very perfection of a race horse, it is idle to talk of improving him. Picton has won for Luzborough imperishable fame, and for Luzborough's owners, *lots of money*. I think he can get 100 mares at $200 next year. He should not be allowed to cover more than sixty mares. Here is a health to Mingo, Picton, Lady Cliffden, Fanny Wyatt, and their gallant owners. I have just heard that *Sarah Bladen*, by Leviathan, dam Morgiana, has been sold for $8020, she is a clipper. By the bye, I have this moment had Mingo's race at Camden put in my hands. That he could have won the *great race* is clearly my opinion, if he had been right.

I should like much to be in New Orleans at their next meeting. Great sport is anticipated. Truly yours, N.

Caution to Sportsmen.—We have received the following from a correspondent, under date of the 20th inst.—

Sir—I had always entertained the opinion that a loaded percussion gun was perfectly safe to carry without a cap, if the hammer was drawn, and was surprised the other morning at the discharge of my rifle without a cap.

We were returning from a deer hunt to a tavern in Sullivan Co., last week.—The wagon (our conveyance) was at the door; I took the cap off my rifle, let down the hammer, placed the wiper in the muzzle, put on the cloth cover, and handed it to one of the party in the wagon, and while we were arranging our seats the rifle exploded. Never having heard of a gun exploding without a cap, I offer the fact to you. Yours, &c., J. S.

Madame Lecomte took her first benefit in America on Wednesday last, and it was indeed a benefit;—the best house we have seen since Madame Allan left us. We were extremely pleased with the result of this benefit, as it showed us we had been in error in imagining that a prejudice, most unfounded doubtless, existed against Lecomte amongst our gay society. But the ladies in attendance on Wednesday quite dispelled the illusion, and we believe the performances of the evening converted crowds of unbelievers to the faith of Madame L.'s unequalled grace. Wreaths were showered upon her, and the audience hailed every token of respect thus shown her, with thunders of applause. Her pantomime in *Masaniello* was superior, by far, to any thing we ever saw, and we did not before suspect the existence of such capabilities in her art, though, from the first, we have been among the warmest admirers of Madame Lecomte.

New Music.—We have some new music on our table, of which we should have acknowledged the receipt before this, from the respective authors. "Hark, brothers, hark," a Regatta song and chorus, written by J. H. Willis; music composed by J. H. Hewett;—"The Crow Quadrilles," arranged for the piano by the same composer; and "The Whig Jubilee, Quick Step," composed by R. L. Williams, are in the assortment. We can only name them, for till we have listened thereto, we are shocking awkward hands at developing crotchets and quavers.

LETTER FROM AN ALABAMA TURFMAN.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 8, 1837.

Dear Sir,—I would commence my letter by an account of the races, which have just came off over the Bascombe Course, but take it for granted that the Secretary of the Mobile Jockey Club has already furnished you with the official report of the proceedings of the week. Garrison was here with a full string, but not in great force; for although he won every day, and completely swept the platter, yet it was not so much owing to the strength of his stable, as to the fact that other stables were two or three weeks behind their time, from a misunderstanding as to the period fixed upon for our Fall meeting. Nevertheless, I must confess, that with Garrison to direct, and Old Charles to train, any sort of a stable might be made dangerous. But no more of this. My object at present is to notice an importation of six fine fillies from England, per ship Sherbrooke, sent out to Drs. Nott and Fearn, and Major Huger, by Tattersall, who has evidently selected them with great care, and we are fully satisfied that his reputation as a judge of horses, will be maintained to its full extent by this lot. In point of blood nothing in England can surpass them, and in form and action they are not behind their breeding. They will be 2 years old next spring, and are better grown and more in form than is usual for things of that age. My attention was first called to a chesnut filly, by Sultan, out of Marinella by Soothsayer—Bess by Waxy, &c. She is the very image of the old horse, all his marks are on her—his loin, his quarters, and muscled more like a well developed quarter horse than a yearling. His temper, too, is not wanting, a little spur of the devil. Old Sultan did his best, and Marinella has thrown off a perfect proof impression. In the next stall stood a Reveller, out of Galata—*he* the winner of the St. Leger, and *she* of the Oaks. From such parents much ought to be expected, and no disappointment follows the examination of their produce. She is a race horse after the present English fashion, and if you doubt her game, it may be because she is put up in the highest style of fleetness. The third was a bay filly by Shakspeare, out of Runnymede (now called Rosebud), by Little John. She is fine, and remarkably large, and looks for all the world as if she could master our light wts., even at her present age. The fourth is by Lap dog, out of Pomona—Ruby, out Pomona, sold for 2000 guineas in England. This filly, if she recovers an injury supposed to have been received upon the voyage, will bring her sire into notice. The fifth is a chesnut by Hokee Pokee, (brother to Muley Moloch), out of Frederick's dam, winner of the Derby, by Phantom. The sixth is a bay by Hokee Pokee, dam by Scud or Pioneer—Canary Bird by Whiskey—Fandango's dam, &c. &c. Both of these are fine.

Such is the lot, and I think it can be safely predicted, even without the skill of *Vates*, that five out of the six will prove jewels of the first water.

These young things will make a figure on the turf, and in the stud, as sure as they live, and are worthy of a more extended notice than I have room to give.

I understand these gentlemen intend importing until they form such a stud as will reflect credit on our State—this is a good beginning, and we wish them all the success they can require. Our friend Leefe passed through here just in time to reach New Orleans by the Four mile day.

Respectfully yours, A Subscriber.

CHARLESTON (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

These races commence on the 17th of February, and upon reference to an advertisement in another column, our readers will observe that there has rarely been a prospect of so good sport as the programme offers. The great number, and the amount of the purses, will draw to Charleston all the stables of South Carolina and Georgia, and many horses from North Carolina and Virginia.

The South Carolina Jockey Club is conducted on principles quite different from any American Club that we know of. The Club are the proprietors of the Course, and all the profits which accrue from the crowded attendance which their races attract, is devoted to the improvement of the Course and its fixtures, or to swell the amount of the prizes contended for. We have been assured that the Club has a very considerable fund now invested, and which is increased yearly by fresh additions to it, the interest of which is applied to the single object of rendering their races fashionable and respectable.

Since their last meeting, the track has been put in complete repair, and a new Grand Stand, for the accommodation of ladies and visitors entitled to the hospitalities of the Club, has been erected. The building is said to be very elegant. This is as it should be, and the result is, that more ladies honor with their presence the races over the Washington Course at Charleston than all the other races in the Union.

The Club have again renewed their attention to the exact length of their track, and the following certificate from Mr. Pinckney, a surveyor of high standing, and whose accuracy may be depended upon, has been sent to us for publication, and with it we close this article:—

"Charleston, (S. C.) Dec. 11, 1837.

"Having been engaged by the South Carolina Jockey Club to survey the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., I certify, that having extended it a few feet, it is now exactly one mile by measurement, three feet from the ditch, as directed by committee of the Club. (Signed) Robt. Q. Pinckney."

GOOD SHOOTING.

Capt. Parker, of the Union Riflemen, won the *Lioness*, at Williamsburg, on Friday last, Dec. 15. Distance, 55 yards off-hand; his three shots measuring 2¾ inches, beating the second best target by one inch.

	Inches.	*Eighth.*
Shot No. 1	2	0
" " 2	0	4-8
" " 3	0	2-8
Total	2	6-8
SECOND BEST TARGET.		
Shot No. 1	1	6-8
" " 2	1	2-8
" " 3	0	6-8
Total	3	6-8

CROSSES.

We have heard the fear expressed by experienced breeders, that the individuals of the present stock of Short Horn Durham Cattle are too nearly allied to propagate *all* their peculiar and distinctive qualities to their progeny. The remark was meant and is to be taken as a general one, applying as well to the stock elsewhere in America as to that in Kentucky. The foundation of this fear seems to rest in the fact, that the race of cattle now most prized, the *Improved* Durham, being in some sense a mongrel race of very recent origin, its descendants are so closely connected that they are in danger of degeneracy. It is feared that the vigor of this race cannot be maintained, because we have not all those other races, by the union or crossing of which the excellent qualities identifying it were originally produced. The superiority of this race is owing, not to its possession merely of some peculiar quality in a higher degree than others, but that it unites more points of excellence. There are some breeds which yield more milk, and some which give more flesh; but this gives *almost* as much milk, *almost* as much flesh, presents more flesh where it is most valuable, and less where it is least, fattens more kindly and rapidly, arrives at much earlier maturity, and is of far more docile disposition; and these advantages render it infinitely the best breed from which to stock our farms. The importance, therefore, of maintaining the purity and vigor of a race combining so many and so great excellencies, is manifest; and, if the foundation of the fear to which we have alluded be well laid, our breeders should promptly avail themselves of the adequate remedy against the degeneracy implied. Whether that remedy, if need be for its employment, shall be found in the indigenous breeds of the country, or only by recurrence to the original breeds of England; whence this derived its excellencies and origin are questions which they must investigate and decide upon themselves. We do not pretend to offer any opinion on any of the questions involved; nor do we even own that we are impressed with the fears which have brought them up. The subject, however, is worthy of examination by intelligent breeders, and it is but respectful to the opinions of those entertaining these fears, to call attention to it. We invite, therefore, the expression through our columns of opinions held by breeders on the subject, trusting that whatever conclusions are arrived at, may be best calculated to promote this great interest. In the calcareous lands of Kentucky, it is not likely that the business of rearing cattle will ever be superseded by more profitable pursuits. That description of soil is of all others best adapted to the growth of the grasses, while no country is more productive of corn. And should it be necessary to resort to the root culture as an additional aid, we can pursue it *ad infinitum*. There is no danger, therefore, that we shall be outstripped by any other State in the great race of improving the breeds and rearing the most and the best cattle. We have great and ample means and abundant resources; and we have only to subject them to intelligent employment, to win a name for rearing fine cattle, as we already have for rearing horses, as widely acknowledged as the fame of the Arabian steed. Franklin (Ky.) Farmer.

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALLRACES.

TUESDAY, Dec. 5, 1837—Proprietor's Purse $500, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Dr. Rucker's ch. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs.	3	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Tishi Mingo*, by Imp Leviathan, d. by Sir Archy, 3 y.	1	2	2
Mr. Renner's gr. f. *The Jewess*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.	2	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:56—2:06.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 6—Proprietor's Purse $1200, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Capt. Y. N. Oliver's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs.	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Magic	2	2

Time, 3:53—4:04.

THURSDAY, Dec. 7—Purse $2000, $400 to be given to the 2d best horse in the race, free for all ages; weights as above; Three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's b. f. *Virginia Fairfield*, by Timoleon, out of Margaret by Virginian, 4 yrs.	1	2	3	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. m. *Naked Truth*, by Imp. Leviathan, d by Pacolet, 5 y	4	1	2	2
C. W. Denton's b. f. *Susan Yandall*, by Sir Richard, dam by Rockingham, 4 yrs	3	3	1	3
Wm. R. Barrow's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.	2	4	dr	

Time, 5:54—5:53—5:57—0:00.

FRIDAY, Dec. 8—The New Orleans Plate, value $1000, consisting of a Service of Silver; free for all ages; weights, for 5 year olds and under, their appropriate weights—6 year olds and over, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. A L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 5 yrs.	1	1
C. Beilitt's ch. f *Louisa Bascombe*, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs.	4	2
Jas. S. Garrison's (Robt. Chapman's) ch. h. *Minor*, by Minor, d by Sir William, aged	3	3
M. Kenner's b. h. *Monmouth*, by John Richards, out of Nettletop, aged	2	dr

Time, 3:55—3:49.

SATURDAY, Dec. 9—Jockey Club Purse $3000, $500 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race; free for all ages; weights for age, as on Tuesday; Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. m. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs.	1	1
James S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 5 yrs.	2	2

Time, 7:51—8:04.

LAST DAY, Dec. 10—Proprietor's Purse $700, free for all ages; weights as above; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Bingaman's gr. g. *Great Mogul*, pedigree omitted, 5 yrs.	1	1	0	1
W. R. Barrow's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.	4	3	0	2
Mr. Beasley's ch. f. *Glance*, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	3	4	3	3
Col. Oliver's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs.	2	2	4	4

Time, 1:57—1:54—1:54—1:57.

The foregoing results of the New Orleans Races we compile from the *True American* and the *Picayune*. A more detailed report of the same, from the pen of the Editor, was expected in season for our columns this week, but so constantly has he been occupied, that he has been unable to prepare it in season.

MOBILE (Ala.) FALL RACES,

Over the *Bascombe Course*, commenced on Tuesday, 21st Nov. In our last we gave a report sent by a correspondent, since which we have received the official report, which we now give.

TUESDAY, Nov. 21, 1837—A Poststake for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $500 each, $250 ft. Two mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion	1	1
Col. Vance Johnson's b. c. *Pilot Jr.*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon	2	2
Wm. Blevins' s. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific	3	3
Mr. Starke's nomination	pd.ft	

Time, 3:55—3.57. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for all ages; weights, for 3 year olds as above, 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

James S. Garrison's s. c. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, out of Lady Amelia by Imp Magic, 4 yrs.	1	1
Col. Vance Johnson's s. c. *Oseola*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.	2	2

Time, 1:53—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

David Stephenson's (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. *Crazy Bill*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs.	1	1
T. L. Starke's b. m *Miss Byron*, by Byron, dam by ———, 5 yrs.	2	2
James H. Iveson's s. c. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.	3	dr

Time, 3:58—4:05.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

John F. Everitt's s. c. *Authentic*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Timora by Timoleon, 4 yrs	1	1
E. Layton's b. m. *Highland Mary*, by Bertrand, dam not given, 5 yrs.	2	2
David Stevenson's s. f. *Pocahontas*, by Rattler, dam not given, 3 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 1:53—1:55.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse $700, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's b. f. *Virginia Fairfield*, by Timoleon, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.	1	1
Thos. L. Starke's s. f. *Aurora*, by Red Rover, dam by ———, 4 yrs.	2	dr

Time, 6:05.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

R. B. Harrison's b. c. *Kleber*, by Bertrand, out of Oscarina, 3 yrs.	1	1
Thos. L. Starke's s. f. *Aurora*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.	2	2

Time, 1:58—1:57.

FRIDAY, Nov. 24—Jockey Club Purse $1000, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Richmond, 5 yrs. walked over.

SAME DAY—Proprietor's Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

John F Everitt's s. c. *Authentic*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1	1
T. L. Starke's b. m. *Miss Byron*, pedigree above, 5 yrs.	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:59.

SATURDAY, Nov. 25—Ladies' Purse $300, free for all ages; weights as before; Two miles out.

R. B. Harrison's ch. c. *Crazy Bill*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1
Col. Vance Johnson's s. c. *Authentic*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.	2
Robt. Chapman's ch. g. *Minor*, by Miner, out of the dam of Little Venus, 6 yrs.	3

Time, 3:52½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse $300; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James S. Garrison's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1	1	1
C. Robinson's b. c. *Kleber*, pedigree above, 3 yrs.	2	2	2
John Blevin's s. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, pedigree above, 3 yrs.	3	3	3

Time, 1:58—1:53—1:52.

Owing to the yellow fever, and a report having been circulated up the country, that the races had been put off for a month, a large number of horses have been prevented from coming. Our meeting in future will take place in the 2d week in December, and 3d week in March.

Very respectfully, yours, &c. Secretary.

FLORENCE (Ala.) FALL RACES,

Dear Sir,—By the request of your agent, Mr. T. E. Leefe, I forward you the following report of our races, which were very uninteresting, owing, in part, to most of the horses that were here being greatly out of condition, after a long campaign.

TUESDAY, No 21—Jockey Club Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

J. H. Bradfute's b. f. *Mary Wynn*, by American Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archie, 4 yrs.	1	1
Nicholas Davis's s. f. *Piony*, by Count Badger, out of Pocahontas by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs	dr	

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse $280, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Nicholas Davis's s. f. *Piony*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1	1
J. H. Bradfute's br. c. *Quietus*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs.	2	2

Time not reported. Poorly contested.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse $160, free for all ages; weights as above; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Isaac Lane's br. m. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thadeus, 5 yrs.	1	1	1
James Jackson's b. g. *Traffic*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of a half bred mare	2	2	2

Time, 2:00—2:05—2:15.

The course is 24 yards over a mile, and was very heavy.

Yours respectfully, ——.

BLOODED STOCK,

Imported by Capt. Stockton, of the United States Navy, 1837.

No. 1. Ch. c. foaled 1836, by Rowton, out of Nanine, the dam of Glaucus; her dam Bezane, by Peruvian, out of Violante. See General Stud Bood, vol. 3, page 274 and 192.

No. 2. Ch. c. foaled 1836, by Reveller, out of Rachel by Whalebone—Moses' dam, by Gohanna. See General Stud Book, vol. 2, page 238, and vol. 3, page 329.

No. 3. Br. c. foaled 1836, by Emilius, out of Young Mouse, the dam of Rat Trap, by Godolphin—Mouse by Sir David; her dam, Louisa by Ormond—Orville's dam. See vol. 4, page 211, and vol. 3, page 123.

No. 4. B. c. foaled 1836, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven, the dam of Paganini, by Master Lowe, her dam by Buzzard, out of Sister to Bangtail, by Highflyer—Catherine by Young Marske—Gentle Kitty by Sylvia. See vol. 3, page 393 and 99.

No. 5. Bl. c. foaled 1836, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville, her dam by Sorcerer, out of Matilda by Whiskey—Sister to Toby by Highflyer. See vol. 4, page 185.

No. 6. B. m. *Diana*, foaled 1828, by Catton, out of Trulla by Sorcerer, her dam by Weathercock, out of Cora by Matchem—Turk—Cub. See vol. 3, page 428 and 217.

No. 7. Ch. m. foaled 1834, by Comus, dam by Partisan, out of Pacon, sister to Penelope, by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer. See vol. 3, page 296 and 177.

Langford, b. h., (imported in 1835, foaled 1833,) by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules, by Wanderer, her dam Thalestris, by Alexander—Rival by Sir Peter—Hornet by Drone—Manilla by Godolphin—Mr. Goodrick's Old England mare. See vol. 3, page 418.

Starch was out of Miss Stavely, sister to Stavely, by Waxy Pope, by Shuttle, her dam by Drone—Matchem—Jocasta by C. Forrester. See vol. 3, page 529.

English Sporting Intelligence.

SALE OF THE STUD AT HAMPTON.

After all that has been "said and sung," the sale of the celebrated stud at Hampton Court took place on Wednesday, in one of the paddocks which had been selected as most convenient for the purpose. The publicity which had been given to the sale by the advertisements of Mr. Tattersall, at home and abroad, as well as the various discussions to which the subject had given rise in the daily and weekly newspapers, excited an extraordinary degree of interest, and we were not surprised to find an immense concourse of persons of all ranks assembled, among whom we noticed not only many noblemen distinguished for their patronage of "the Turf" in our own country, but several foreigners of rank, who were attracted to the spot to view the stud, of which so much had been said, and, if possible, to become the purchasers of animals, the fame and character of which had been so widely circulated. The morning was far from auspicious, for the rain fell in torrents, but as the day advanced, the weather cleared up, and carriages of every description continued to arrive in quick succession. It was known that the sale would take place in the second paddock, behind the house of Mr. Worley, his late Majesty's stud-groom, to the gate adjoining which, the throng proceeded. Police officers were stationed there to prevent the obtrusion of improper persons; but there was no attempt made to exclude individuals having any claims to respectability, and the whole proceeding took place in the most public and unexceptionable manner, while the catalogues, which were printed on ordinary slips of paper, were freely and liberally distributed. A sort of temporary rostrum was erected for Mr. Tattersall, in a central position, covered with a tarpaulin, and provided with a chair and desk, in front of which a ring was formed by the spectators. Behind this were the stalls and boxes of the stud, where the lots had been duly numbered and arranged by Mr. Worley's assistants, and, as required, were brought forward with a care and precision highly creditable. Had the day been more propitious, no doubt many ladies would have graced the scene by their presence; but from the wet state of the grass, and the exclusion of carriages, few attempted to brave the inconvenience to which they would have been exposed.

The commencement of the sale was announced for eleven o'clock, but, as usual, the customary "hour's law" was allowed, and shortly before twelve Mr. Tattersall took his position. He addressed his audience, which was composed of very miscellaneous grades, in a short speech, in which he said he had to call their attention to the sale of what he had no doubt all would admit was one of the most celebrated studs in the kingdom. A great deal had been said on the subject of this sale, and much had been written in newspapers by "fellows" who did not know what they were writing about, all of which was totally incorrect. It had been said that the stud had been bought by private contract, and that the present sale was one of form, but not of substance; this was not true. The only individual who could have bought the stud by private contract was her Majesty, and it had been offered to Lord Melbourne for her Majesty's use; but his Lordship, on her Majesty's behalf, had declined becoming the purchaser. Under these circumstances the executors of his late Majesty had no other option than to submit the whole to public sale, a determination which he had the honor to be there to carry out; and he could assure the company that every lot would be brought to the hammer and sold without reserve—the highest bidder, whoever that might be, would become the purchaser, and any impression which existed to the contrary was entirely without foundation. The lots were numerous, and they had a long day's work before them; he trusted, therefore, that gentlemen would bid quick and liberally. They knew the value of the stock, and he was persuaded they would not render it necessary for him to dwell long in urging topics which were as familiar to those who heard him as they were to himself. He had only one request to make, and that was, that gentlemen would not smoke cigars under his nose—he was suffering from an attack in the trachea, and the effect of the smoke, if inhaled, would totally incapacitate him from his duty. He might have added, that "puffing" was quite unnecessary on such an occasion: and it is due to say, that in the course of his duty Mr. Tattersall did not indulge in any very flourishing tirades to give to the stock a value beyond its intrinsic merit. Mr. Tattersall having read the conditions of sale from the catalogue, he added, that although it was stipulated the lots must be removed when sold, yet every facility would be given to the purchasers, and they might remain two or three days; from the moment the hammer fell, however, they would be at their risk and expense; but he could assure them that they would be treated with every possible care. The sale then commenced, and we shall hereafter give a correct list of the lots, with the prices which each fetched, which, with some exceptions, it will be seen were good; and in some cases even more than could fairly have been anticipated. We have also added the names of the breeders of each lot, and the years in which they were foaled.

The catalogue contained 81 lots, viz:—33 brood mares, 31 foals, 5 stallions, and two half-bred two-year olds. Of the mares the best priced lots were—Nanine (dam of Glaucus), Fleur de Lis, Scandal, Wings (Caravan's dam), Young Mouse (the dam of Rattrap, the Oscar mare, valuable as well for her shape as for her "family connexions"), La Danseuse, Gulnare (winner of the Oaks, when the property of the Duke of Richmond), Lady Emmeline, &c. Fleur de Lis was purchased by George IV. from the late Sir M. Ridley, and was very successful as a racer both before and after she changed masters. She goes abroad to France, we believe; if so, her descent from Bourbon will perhaps get her snug quarters in the Royal Stud. We were also informed that Wings, Rachel, Sarah, Locket, Danseuse, Elizabeth, Maria, Black Daphne, and Miss Clifton, were purchased to go to France, Spain, and Germany. The young stock having recently been weaned, and some of them affected by the influenza, did not look well; the best of them, that out of Wings, had suffered so severely as to go blind, his price being thereby reduced from 300 or 400 to 46 guineas. The stallions excited great interest. The first put up was the Colonel, who was bought of the Hon. E. Petre, after winning the St. Leger, for 4000 guineas. He broke down at Ascot in 1831, after running a dead heat with Mouche, and it is a proof of the excellence of George IV.'s judgment, that when he first saw him after his purchase, he pointed out the leg in which he would fail. He fetched 400 or 500 guineas less than was expected, and goes from Hampton Court to labor in his vocation at Mr. Tattersall's, Dawley, near Uxbridge. He is the sire of Cobham, winner of the Two Year-old Stakes at Doncaster; D'Egville, winner of the Prendergast Stakes last week; and many other winners. Actæon, bought of Lord Kelburne for 1000 guineas, remains in England for the present, but is expected to go to Russia; the Black Arabian goes to Germany, and his bay companion to France. They brought excellent prices. The two last colt foals and the filly out of Young Espagnolle go abroad. The general produce of the sale was as follows:—Brood mares, 9,568 guineas; colt foals, 1471 guineas, filly foals, 1112 guineas; the stallions and two half-bred colts, 3541 guineas; total, 15,782 guineas.

We ought here to state that The Colonel was decidedly "the lion" of the day, and his appearance was looked for with great impatience. Shortly before the sale of the last of the fillies, the little enclosure in front of his box was crowded; but on being brought out by the groom, he soon cleared the ring of the curious, and by his lively capering, rearing, and flinging out, seemed to enjoy his liberty with great glee. The presence of Mr. Worley, however, soon brought him to a sense of decorum, and he was led off to "the hammer" with great docility, but soon made the throng feel that proximity to his heels was far from safe or desirable. On being "knocked down," and Mr. Tattersall declaring that he was himself the purchaser, much satisfaction was expressed. That it will prove a profitable speculation to Mr. Tattersall, we have no doubt; and judging from the following paragraph which appeared in the "New York Spirit of the Times" of the 30th ult., we shall not be surprised if, at some future period, he may find his way across the Atlantic. The Editor of the Sporting Journal in question says:—

"It was a great oversight in those interested (if done through inadvertence) to have fixed so early a date as the 18th of October (the day announced in the American Advertisement), for the public sale of the Hampton Court Stud, as it deprives many American Turfmen and Breeders of an opportunity of sending commissions for purchases. Had the sale taken place a month or two later, we make no doubt at least half of the Royal Stud would have immediately found its way to this country. We should not be surprised, after all, if a few choice lots from the Royal Stud found their way here. There are several spirited Americans abroad, who will attend the sale, and we should be willing to take long odds that The Colonel, for one, was knocked down to one of them. Besides, Mr. Tattersall is well aware who are his best customers, and also of the immense and increasing interest felt throughout the Union upon the subject of Blood Stock, and we have reason to believe a number of the finest things will be bought in by him, with a view of their coming here in the end. He is doubtless aware, too, that the Brood mares, especially, will meet a ready sale here, and as the time of sale renders it impossible for many Americans to send their orders in season, he will be very likely to purchase largely, in anticipation of the wishes of his customers on this side the Atlantic."

With regard to the future appropriation of the Royal paddocks, of which there are forty-three, of from three to five acres each, seventeen on the House-park side, and twenty-six on the Bushy-park side—the former have been added to the Stud-house; with regard to the others, nothing has been decided; but from their admirable arrangements, and the convenient character of the buildings which have been erected, there is no doubt they would find a ready tenant at a profitable rent. Whether they may be taken, or could be granted to "The National Stud Association," of which we heard nothing on Wednesday, we know not; but it would be a thousand pities to see them again thrown into the Park, after the immense sums expended in their formation.

We have purposely avoided renewing the discussion as to the propriety or impropriety of disposing of this stud, as the question is now finally set at rest. We also refrain from adopting the very singular speculations and erroneous descriptions of the different lots in which the contributors to the daily press have indulged, and which, however amusing, conveyed very little useful or accurate information.

LIST OF THE STUD, BY WHOM BRED, WHEN FOALED, AND PRICES OBTAINED.

BROOD MARES.

BRED BY.	FOALED.		GS.
		Grey Arabian mare of the purest cast, covered by The Colonel	50
		Ditto and ditto (from the Imaum of Muscat), covered by The Colonel	150
		Ditto and ditto (from the Imaum of Muscat), covered by Actæon	105
Mr. W. Edwards	1832	Burden, by Camel—Maria, covered by Actæon	115
Major Bower	1819	Miss O'Neill, by Camillus, out of Birmingham's dam, covered by Actæon	50
Mr. Forth	1823	Shortwaist, by Interpreter, out of Nancy, covered by Camel	60
Lord Berners	1829	Ch. m. by Oscar—Camarine's d., cov. by Actæon	670
Sir M. W. Ridley	1822	Fleur-de-lis, by Bourbon, out of Rachael, by Stamford, covered by Emilius	550
Mr. R. Wilson	1824	Gulnare, by Smolensko-Medora, cov. by Actæon	395
Mr. C. Day	1827	Jewess, by Moses—Calendulæ, cov. by Plenipo	200
Mr. Greville	1826	Xarifa, by Moses, her dam by Rubens, covered by Taurus	80
Mr. Calley	1819	Zaire (Crutch's dam), by Selim, out of Zephyretta, covered by Rockingham	36
Lord Lowther	1823	Nanine (Glaucus's dam), by Selim, covered by Emilius	970
Gen. Grosvenor	1822	Wings (Caravan's dam), by The Flyer, covered by Actæon and Camel	600
Lord Lowther	1822	Scandal (Intriguer's dam), by Selim, covered by The Colonel	400
Mr. Gibbeson	1826	Lady Sarah, by Tramp, out of Miss Wentworth, covered by Actæon	260
Duke of York	1823	Rachel, by Whalebone, out of Moses' dam, covered by Actæon	180
Hon. T. O. Powlett	1827	Lady Emmeline, by Young Phantom, dam by Orville, covered by The Colonel	300
Mr. Tarleton	1824	Sarah, by Whisker—Jenny Wren, covered by Actæon	300
Lord Fitzwilliam	1816	Galatea, by Amadis—Paulina, covered by The Colonel	105
Lord G. Cavendish	1826	Young Mouse, by Godolphin, out of Mouse, covered by Actæon	360
Hampton Court	1824	Maria, by Waterloo-Belvoirina, cov. by Actæon	170
Mr. Stephenson	1829	Variella, sister to Voltaire, by Blacklock, covered by The Colonel	180
Hon. E. Petre	1825	Delphine, by Whisker—My Lady, covered by Plenipo	360
Mr. J. Lee	1825	Locket, by Blacklock, out of Miss Paul, covered by Rockingham	200
Lord Egremont	1822	Peri (dam of Sir Hercules), by Wanderer, covered by The Colonel	210
Mr. Clifton	1825	La Danseuse, by Blacklock, out of Madame Saqui, covered by Actæon	380
Lord Exeter	1822	Ada, sister to Augusta, by Woful, covered by Rockingham	120
Mr. Nowell	1830	Marpessa, by Muley—Clare, cov. by Camel	230
Mr. Crockford	1820	Sultana, sister to Sultan. by Selim, covered by The Colonel	120
Lord Egremont	1820	Spermaceti, by Whalebone, cov. by Glaucus	105
Lord Tavistock	1823	Leeway, by Aladdin, cov. by Taurus	220
Lord Berners	1820	Black Daphne, by Juniper, out of Spotless, cov. by The Colonel	190
Lord G. Cavendish	1826	Young Espagnolle, by Partisan, out of Espagnolle covered by The Colonel	220
Hampton Court	1823	Elizabeth, by Rainbow, out of Belvoirina, cov. by Taurus	84
Mr. Shard	1820	Codicil, by Smolensko—Legacy, cov. by Camel	200
Mr. Thornhill	1820	Sister to Sailor (Cloudesley's dam), by Scud, covered by Rockingham	110
Mr. R. Long	1822	Miss Clifton, by Partisan—Isis, cov. by Plenipo	100
Mr. Gates	1824	Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe, dam by Soothsayer, covered by Glaucus	150
Hon. E. Petre	1824	Aricia, by Rubens, out of Diana (Actæon's dam), covered by Rockingham	77
Hampton Court	1813	Belvoirina, by Stamford, covered by the Black Arabian	55
Mr. Houldsworth	1820	Palatine, by Filho—Treasure, cov. by Actæon	90
Gen. Grosvenor	1824	Icaria, by The Flyer—Parma, cov. by Buzzard.	61

COLT FOALS.

Chesnut, by Actæon, out of Wings (blind)	46
Bay, by Dr. Syntax, out of Sarah	190
Bay, by Plenipo, out of Zaire	110
Ch. by Actæon, d. by Oscar—Camarine's dam	150
Chesnut, by Actæon, out of Scandal	105
Brown, by Mulatto, out of Lady Sarah	80
Bay, by Mulatto, out of Lady Emmeline	105
Brown, by The Colonel, out of Young Mouse	200
Brown, by The Colonel, out of Black Daphne	210
Chesnut, by Rubini, out of Galatea	63
Chesnut, by Actæon, out of Locket	37
Bay, by Glencoe, out of Shortwaist	105
Brown, by The Colonel, out of the 1st Arabian m.	71

FILLY FOALS.

Chesnut, by Actæon, out of Gulnare	63
Brown, by Camel, out of the Sister to Sailor	165
Chesnut, by Cain, out of Elizabeth	81
Bay, by Plenipo, out of Rachel	69
Bay, by Crœsus, out of Variella	71
Bay, by The Colonel, out of Young Espagnolle	70
Bay, by Rubini, out of Spermaceti	46
Bay, by Rubini or Cain, out of Sultana	70
Bay, by Glencoe, out of Marpessa	62
Bay, by Actæon or Cain, out of Delphine	26
Chesnut, by Cain, out of Codicil	31
Chesnut, by Cain, out of Ada	30
Chesnut, by Cain, out of Burden	33
Chesnut, by The Colonel, out of Miss O'Neill	70
Bay, by Camel, out of Xarifa	40
Chesnut, by The Colonel, out of La Danseuse	51
Chesnut, by Actæon, out of the 2d Arabian m.	58
Bay, by The Colonel, out of the 3d Arabian m.	76

STALLIONS, &c.

Hon. E. Petre	1825	The Colonel, by Whisker, dam by Delpini, her dam Tipple Cider, by King Fergus, out of Sylvia, by Young Marske; is the sire of D'Egville, Cobham, Drummer, Lieutenant, Skirmisher, Heiress, Arsenic, Recruit, Toothill, Posthaste, &c.	1550
Mr. R. Milnes	1822	Actæon, by Scud, out of Diana, sister to Emily, (the dam of Emilius, by Stamford); is the sire of General Chasse, The Stag, Burletta, Golden Drop, &c.	920
		The Black Arabian, from the Imaum of Muscat	580
		The Bay ditto, from ditto	410
		Blood Royal, by Royalist, d by Sir H. Dimsdale	96
		A bay gelding, rising 2 yrs., by Rubini, out of a well-bred mare	35
		A grey ditto, rising 2 yrs., by Pacha, out of a well-bred mare	46

Bell's Life in London of Oct. 29.

Royal Stud.—A letter has been published, signed "W. Wemyss," contradicting the statements relative to the management of the Royal Stud at Hampton Court. It is stated in this letter, that "upon all occasions the privy purse supplied every means required for improving the stud, and that it was the last consideration of the late King to convert it into a profitable appendage of the Crown. If any return (it is added) has within the last three years been realized in the shape of remuneration for the advances made from time to time by the privy purse, it has occurred solely from the favorable opinion the public may have formed of the stock, and the prices given by them at the hammer; for no other 'traffic' has ever been carried on in buying and selling beyond the annual bona fide sale at Messrs. Tattersall's, and which system was adopted by his late Majesty by the advice of many influential members of the Jockey Club, whom he then consulted." Bell's Life.

Lord Chesterfield has sold Carew to Fulwar Craven, Esq.; he was bought in last week at 530*l*., no 1250*l*., as stated in the Morning Herald.

Cowboy was purchased of Mr. Heseltine for 200 sovs. on the Wednesday in the Heaton Park meeting. On the Friday following he won a £50 match, and also the Gold Cup and Stakes, worth 600 gs.

Pedestrianism.—On Thursday fortnight, Edw. Waters, Esq., of St. Clears, decided a bet made between him and another gentleman, that the former would not walk 40 miles in 10 hours. Mr. W. accomplished the distance in 8 hours and a half, winning with the greatest ease, and without any inconvenience to himself.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

Criterion Stakes—(To-morrow).—The impression that there will be a very small field checks speculation on this race. Ion and D'Egville, each with 7lb. extra for winning in the Second October Meeting, are the favorites at odds against the field; but, although generally expected, it is by no means certain that both will run, each party having another in the stake of some pretensions—viz., Paganini and Grey Momus, their penalties for winning amounting only to 2lb. On Monday 2 to 1 was laid and afterwards offered freely on the two cracks against the field; some even bets were also made between them, Ion having the call. On Thursday 10 to 6 was offered against each, but the 2 to 1 on them jointly was taken with such eagerness, that at the close 7 to 4 was the outside offer. There is evidently something in the back-ground, unless the fielders are relying upon the chance that one of the two favorites will not risk the 7lb. over so trying a course. 5 to 1 offered against Paganini, but no backers. Vulture and Grey Momus—2 to 1 offered on Vulture.

The Derby.—The two Newmarket winners, Ion and D'Egville, are scarcely so much in favor as they were at Newmarket. 11 to 1 is offered against each, and 12 to 1 taken, but not with any spirit, especially about D'Egville, who loses ground as the Grey advances. Cobweb is at the "head of affairs" with a strong party. Cobham, Grey Momus, Nonplus's dam, and Volunteer have been backed in two or three quarters, and the first two risen in consequence—the other pair have "taken nothing by the motion." Bamboo, whose running for the Clearwell, like Mango's for the same stake last year, is neutralized by the admitted fact that he was not prepared for it, has several friends; they offer to take 30, but we have not heard more than 22 to 1 bid against him. The following were the market prices at the close of the week:—

9 to 1 agst	Cobweb colt	20 to 1 agst	Nonplus's dam
12 to 1 ——	Ion (taken)	22 to 1 ——	Bamboo
12 to 1 ——	D'Egville (taken)	1000 to 30 ——	Monc Adam (tak)
15 to 1 ——	The Early Bird	1000 to 15 ——	Amato (taken)
17 to 1 ——	Cobham (taken)	4000 to 40 ——	Sis. to Clare colt (ta)
18 to 1 ——	Grey Momus (taken)	3 to 1	on the field agst three (ta)
20 to 1 ——	Volunteeer		

Bell's Life in London, Oct. 22.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AND CUPS IN 1837.

The following is a list of the winners of these prizes this season:—

Newmarket, April 25; for mares R.C.—Won by the Duke of Richmond's Pussy, by Pollio, 6 yrs., 9st. 10lb. (Rogers), beating Lord Egremont's Helga, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb., Mr. Forth's Louisa, 6 yrs. 9st. 10lb., and Mr. S. Smith's Eagle, aged, 10st.

Newmarket, April 27; R.C.—Mr. J. Day's Venison, by Partisan, 4 yrs. 9st. 8lb. (S. Day), beating Lord Tavistock's Jack-in-the-Green, 4 yrs. 9st. 8lb.

Chester, May 2; rather more than three miles.—Mr. Barrow's Catherina, by Whisker, aged, 10st. 5lb. (Hopwood), beating Mr. Houldsworth's Turban, 5 yrs. 10st., and Mr. Nanney's Ratcatcher, aged, 10st. 5lb.

Manchester, May 18; three miles and a distance—Mr. Arrowsmith's Miss Bowe, by Catton, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. (Lye), beating Sir J. Boswell's General Chasse, 6 yrs. 10st. 5lb., and Mr. Powlett's Wentworth, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb.

Ascot Heath, June 6; from the New Mile post, once round and in.—Mr. J. Day's Venison, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb. (S. Day), beating Mr. Sowerby's Rioter, 5 yrs. 10st. 5lb.

Ascot Heath, June 9 (hunters); two miles and a distance.—Mr. Robertson's Olympic, by Reveller, 6 yrs. 11st. 12lb. (Macdonald), beating Mr. Way's Denham, 5 yrs. 11st. 7lb.

Hampton, June 15; heats, twice round and a distance.—Mr. Sowerby's Rioter, by Reveller, 6 yrs. 9st. 11lb. (S. Mann), beating Mr. V. King's Hectic, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb.; Mr. Robertson's Lucifer, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb.; Mr. Knight's Ote, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.; Mr. Balchin's Spec, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb. (dis.); and Mr. Jackson's Pegasus, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb. (dis.), in two heats.

Ipswich, July 18; heats, two miles.—Lord Orford's Rienzi, by Tramp, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb. (Rogers), beating Mr. Cobbold's Crichton, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb., Mr. W. Edward's f. by The Colonel, out of Bassiles, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb., Mr. Pettit's Menas, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb., and Mr. Smith's Eagle, aged, 10st. 2lb. in two heats.

Winchester, July 18; heats, two miles.—Colonel Peel's Slane, by Royal Oak, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb. (Pavis), beating Mr. J. Day's Airy, 6 yrs. 10st. 2lb., and Mr. Collin's ch. h. by Tramp, out of Queen of Hearts, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb., in two heats.

Newcastle, June 20; three miles.—Mr. Wilkin's Modesty, by Malek, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. (T. Lye), beating Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Albany, dam by St. Patrick, out of Blue Stocking, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb., and Mr. King's Vernal, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.

Liverpool, July 20; heats, two miles.—Mr. Powlett's Wentworth, by Confederate, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb. (Holmes), beating Mr. Arrowsmith's Wrestler, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb., in three heats.

Guildford, July 20; heats, two miles.—Lord Tavistock's Royal George, by Royal Oak, 4 yrs., 9st. 1lb, walked over.

Chelmsford, July 25; heats, two miles.—Mr. Batson's Voluptuary, by Reveller, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb. [Nat], beating Mr. Coleman's Calmuck, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb., and Mr. Walker's Gipsy, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb., in two heats.

Lancaster, July 29; heats, two miles.—Lord Stanley's Parolles, by Augustus or Shakspeare, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb [Kirkby], beating Mr. Wilkins's Modesty, 3 ys. 7st. 5lb., Mr. Arrowsmith's Wrestler, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb., and Mr. Miers's Saccharina, aged, 10st. 2lb., in three heats.

Goodwood, Aug. 4; three miles and three quarters.—Lord Chesterfield's Edgar, by Shakspeare, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. [Nat], beating Mr. J. Day's Chapeau D'Espagne, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb., and Duke of Richmond's Sepoy, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb.

Brighton, Aug. 10 (a Cup value 100 sovs.); two miles.—Lord Chesterfield's Hornsea, by Velocipede, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb., walked over.

Plymouth, Devonport, and Cornwall, Aug. 16 (a Gold Vase, value 100 gs.); heats, three miles.—Mr. King's Jack-in-the-Green, 4 yrs. 10st. 7lb. [Mann], beating Mr. J. Day's The Drummer, 4 yrs. 10st. 7lb.

Lewes, Aug. 17; heats, the New Course.—Lord Chesterfield's Carew, by Tramp or Comus, 4 yrs. 9st. 6lb. [Nat], beating Count de Courcy's Soap, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb.

Salisbury, Aug. 17; heats, two miles.—Mr. Robertson's Olympic, 6 yrs. 10st. 3lb. [Macdonald], beating Mr. J. Day's Chapeau D'Espagne, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb., and Mr. S. Herbert's Luck's-all, 5 yrs. 10st., in two heats.

York, Aug. 25; two miles.—Captain Taylor's Lincoln, by Negociator, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb. [Taylor], beating Mr. Heseltine's The Bard, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb., Mr. Powlett's Wentworth, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb., Colonel Cradock's b. c. by Voltaire, out of Galena, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb., and Mr. Allen's f. Win Jenkins, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb.

Northampton, Aug. 30; three miles.—Mr. Bird's Redshank, by Sandbeck, 4 yrs. 9st. [G. Edwards], beating Mr. Fairlie's Zohrab, 6 yrs. 10st., Sir G. Heathcote's Magnolia, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb. and Lord Orford's Rienzi, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb.

Canterbury, Aug. 30; heats, two miles.—Mr. Robertson's Olympic, by Reveller, aged, 10st. 3lb. [Macdonald], beating Mr. Hodges's Cranbrook, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb., and Mr. Rogers's Cicero, 4 yrs. 9st. 6lb., in two heats.

Egham, Aug. 31; two miles and a distance.—Lord Chesterfield's Hornsea, by Velocipede, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb. [Nat], beating Mr. W. Stanley's Willesden, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb., and Duke of Richmond's Sepoy, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb.

Weymouth, Aug. 31; heats, two miles.—Mr. Finch's Mayflower, by Jerry, 6 yrs. 10st. 3lb. [Conelly], beating Hon. S. Herbert's Luck's-all, 5 yrs. 10st., Mr. King's Jack-in-the-Green, 4 yrs. 9st. 6lb., and Mr. T. Hopkins's Linsey Woolsey, 5 yrs. 10st., in two heats.

Warwick, Sept. 7; heats, two miles.—Mr. Mostyn's Birdlime, by Comus, 6 yrs. 10st. 3lb. [Darling], beating Mr. Bird's Redshank, 4 yrs. 9st. 6lb., Lord Chesterfield's Hornsea, 5 yrs. 10st., and Mr. Sadler's Brother to Delight, 4 yrs. 9st. 6lb., in three heats.

Lichfield, Sept. 13; heats, two miles.—Mr. Mostyn's Birdlime, by Comus, 6 yrs. 10st. 3lb. [Darling], beating Mr. Garrard's Cornborough, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb., in two heats.

Leicester, Sept. 13; three miles.—Mr. Bird's Redshank, by Sandbeck, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb. [G. Edwards], beating Duke of Rutland's Florestan, 5 yrs. 9st. 9lb., and Lord Suffield's Turban, 5 yrs. 9st. 9lb.

Doncaster, Sept. 18; four miles.—Mr. Powlett's Wentworth, by Confederate, 4 yrs. 9st. [Holmes], beating Mr. Osbaldelston's Mic-mac, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb., Lord Chesterfield's Capulet, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb., and Mr. M'Cance's King of Rome, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

Shrewsbury, Sept. 21; three miles.—Mr. Mostyn's Birdlime, by Comus, 6 yrs., 10st. [Darling], beating Mr. Jones's Lucifer, 5 yrs., 9st. 9lb., and Lord Derby's Parolles, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb.

Bedford, Sept. 27; three miles.—Mr. Sowerby's St. Luke, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb. [Mann], beating Mr. Boast's br. h. by Scipio—Cantaloupe, 5 yrs. 9st. 9lb.

Lincoln, Sept. 28 (for mares); heats, two miles.—Mr. Powlett's Miss Letty, by Priam, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb. [Holmes], beating Mr. Bell's Miss Eliza, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb., in two heats.

Newmarket First, Oct. 5; R C.—Mr. Sowerby's St. Luke, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs. 10st. 7lb., walked over.

Richmond, Oct. 4 (for mares); once round and a distance.—Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb., walked over.

Caledonian Hunt (Edinburgh), Oct. 11; heats, two miles.—Mr. Wilkins's Modesty, by Maleck, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb. [Lye], beating Mr. Stirling's Lady Lowman, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb., and Mr. Ramsay's Lady Stepney, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.

Caledonian Hunt, Oct. 13; four miles.—Mr. Wilkins's Modesty, by Malek, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb. [Cartwright], beating Mr. Ramsay's Inheritor, 6 yrs. 10st., and Lord Eglinton's Œolus, 4 yrs. 9st.

Nottingham, Oct. 13; heats, two miles.—Mr. Bird's Redshank, by Sandbeck, 4 yrs. 9st. 4lb. [C. Edwards], beating Mr. Hadland's Guildford, aged, 10st. (bolted in the first heat).

Carlisle, Oct. 20; four miles.—Mr. S. Fox's The Doctor, by Dr. Syntax, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb. [Cartwright], beating Mr. Fairlie's Zohrab, 10st.

Bell's Life in London, Oct. 22.

MARRIAGES FROM THE STAGE.

The first person among the "gentry" who took a wife from the stage was Martin Folkes, the antiquary, a man of fortune, who, about the year 1713, married Lucetta Bradshaw, a performer of the sprightly heroines of Farquhar, and Vanbrugh. The author of "The History of the English Stage" calls her "one of the most promising genii of her time;" and says that Mr. Folkes made her his wife "for her exemplary and prudent conduct." The lady ultimately lost her reason. Nothing is said of her origin or connections.

The man who next followed this gallant example was the famous Lord Peterborough (the hero of the War of Succession in Spain, and the friend of Pope and Swift), who married the celebrated Anastasia Robinson, the singer. She had never appeared on the stage, but was chiefly known in the concert room.—Her father was a portrait painter of good family, who, losing his sight, induced her to turn her own passion for music, which her parents had cultivated, into a means of living for the family. Dr. Burney tells us that she was of a middling stature, not handsome, but of a pleasing modest countenance, with large blue eyes; her deportment, easy, unaffected, and graceful; her manner and address very engaging, and her behaviour on all occasions that of a gentlewoman. General H——— had long shown an attachment for her, and was favorably received by the lady, she not doubting that his intentions were honorable. A declaration of a contrary nature, however, was treated with the contempt it deserved, though she was very much prepossessed in his favor. Soon after this Lord Peterborough endeavored to convince her of his regard for her; but, agreeable and artful as he was, she remained very much upon her guard. At length his Lordship made his declaration on honorable terms; he found it would be in vain to make proposals on any other, and as he omitted no circumstance that could engage her esteem and gratitude, she accepted them, as she was sincerely attached to him. He earnestly requested her keeping it a secret till it was a more convenient time for him to make it known, to which she readily consented, having a perfect confidence in his honor. After the death of Mr. Robinson, Lord Peterborough took a house near Fulham, where he settled Mrs. Robinson and her mother. They never lived under the same roof till the Earl, being seized with illness, solicited her to attend him at Mount Bevis, which she refused with firmness, but upon condition that, though still denied to take his name, she might be permitted to wear her wedding ring, to which, finding her inexorable, he at length consented. His haughty spirit was still reluctant to the making a declaration; but being obliged to seek another climate, in consequence of his bad state of health, and she refusing to go with him unless he declared his marriage, his Lordship appointed a day for all his nearest relations to meet him. When they were assembled he began a most eloquent oration, enumerating all the virtues and perfections of Mrs. A. Robinson, and, in conclusion, declared that he was determined to do her that justice which he ought to have done long before, which was, by presenting her to all his family as his wife. He spoke this harangue with so much energy, and in parts so pathetically, that Lady Peterborough, not being apprised of his intentions, was so affected, that she fainted in the midst of the company. His Lordship died in 1735, after which Lady Peterborough lived a very retired life.

The ladies of quality now commence their example in turn. On the 8th of January, 1739, the Lady Henrietta Herbert, widow of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis Powis, and daughter of James, first Earl of Waldegrave, was married to John Beard, the singer. Mr. Beard was formerly one of the proprietors and acting managers of Covent-garden Theatre, and long a very eminent and popular singer. On the death of her Ladyship he erected a handsome pyramidal monument, on which is stated "that during an happy union of 14 years, he tenderly loved her person and admired her virtues, and that he sincerely felt and laments her loss, and must for ever revere her memory." Mr. Beard married, secondly, a daughter of Mr. Rice, patentee of Covent-garden Theatre, and died in the 75th year of his age, at Hampton.

We now come to one who was first an undoubted mistress, though subsequently a wife. Lavinia Fenton, otherwise called Mrs. Beswick, was married in 1751, to Charles, third Duke of Bolton, on the decease of his Duchess, with whom he is said never to have cohabited. He had three children, all sons, by his mistress previously, and none when she became his wife, so that on his death in 1754, his title went to his brother. He was then 69. He is described, in his latter days, by Horace Walpole, as an old beau, fair complexioned, and in a white wig, gallanting the ladies about in public. The Duchess was the original Polly in the *Beggars' Opera*, and so much the "rage" in that character, that it was probably thought a feat in the gallant Duke to be able to carry her off the stage; and her good qualities appear to have fixed a passion created, perhaps, by vanity. It is said, that on his once threatening to leave her, she knelt and sang, "Oh ponder well," in a style so tender, that he had not the heart to do it. She survived him till 1760, after behaving, according to Walpole, not so well in the character of widow as of wife. "The famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton," says he, in one of his letters, "is dead, having, after a life of merit, relapsed into her *Pollyhood*."

The next union we shall notice is that of Lady Elizabeth Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Abingdon, with Gallini, the dancer, afterwards "Sir John," as he called himself, though it does not appear that his poor papal title of "Knight of the Golden Spur" (however fit for his heel) was ever warranted to assume the English form of address. Gallini, although a good dancer, or a teacher of dancing, and a prosperous letter of the Hanover-square rooms (of which he was proprietor), was nothing else. He was honest in his money dealings, and that appears to have been the amount of his virtue. He was a shrewd man of the world, parsimonious, with nothing but a leg to go upon in matters of love, and that (as old Fuller would have said) never turns out to be sufficient "in the long run." The lady and he lived asunder many years, and died asunder; he in 1805, aged seventy-one, and she in 1804, at eighty; so that, besides other unsuitableness, she was eight years his senior. He had been her dancing-master. Many ridiculous stories, it is said, were in circulation at the time of Signor Gallini's expectations of the honors which would accrue to him by his marriage with a noble family, which he imagined would confer on him the title of Lord.—But he was soon convinced of his mistake, and content with an inferior title.—When the marriage became a subject of conversation, Dr. Burney happened to hear in the gangway of the Opera pit the following conversation:—One of two ladies going into the front boxes says to the other, 'It is reported that one of the dancers is married to a lady of quality,' when Gallini, who happened to be in the passage near the lady who spoke, says, 'Lustrissima, son ip.' (I am he, my lady.)—'And who are you?' demanded the lady.—'Excellenza, mi chiamo Gallini *esquoire*.)' This was a bad business. Not such, though Horace Walpole was in despair about it, appears to have been the marriage of William O'Brien, comedian (styled in the Peerages Wm. O'Brien, Esq., of Stinsford, Dorsetshire), with Lady Susan Strangeways (Fox), daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, in the year 1773. The outset of the affair, however, looked ill. The following is Walpole's account of it:—"You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester, by his daughter's marriage with O'Brien, the actor. But perhaps you do not know the circumstances, and how much his grief must be aggravated by reflection on his own credulity and negligence. The affair has been in train for eighteen months. The swain had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah Bunburp's hand so well, that in the country Lord Ilchester has himself delivered several of O'Brien's letters to Lady Susan; but it was not till about a week before the catastrophe that the family was apprised of the intrigue. Lord Catcheart went to Miss Reade's, the paintress: she said softly to him 'My Lord, there is a couple in the next room that I am sure ought not to be together; I wish your Lordship would look in.' He did, shut the door again, and went and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off, but—(what a but!) desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed—even this was granted. The parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning, instead of being under lock and key in the country, walked down stairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Reade's: in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney chair, was married at Covent Garden Church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable.—My Lady, my Lady Hertford, what say *you* to permitting young ladies to act plays, and go to painters by themselves? Poor Lord Ilchester is almost distracted." It is stated by a writer that O'Brien was a man of middle height, with a symmetrical form, rather light and athletic. Employed by the father to instruct Lady Susan in elocution, he taught her, it seems, that it was no sin to love, and on her becoming his wife, she obtained for him, through the interest of her family, a post in America. It appears that Lady Susan had love enough for her husband to accompany him to the other side of the globe; nor from Churchill's account of O'Brien would it seem that he was unworthy of it.—O'Brien is not only styled a man of parts, but is said to have shown "genius" in one of the characters of Ben Johnson, and to have been "by nature formed to please," which seems to imply that he was both well looking and agreeable.

The union which of all those of professional origin seemed to promise most for felicity, that of Elizabeth Linley, with the subsequently famous Sheridan, is understood to have had but an ill result. The lady, the daughter of Linley, the composer, was beautiful, accomplished, and a fine singer; the gentleman a wit, a man of courage, and with apparently a bright and prosperous life before him. He had fought for her with a rival under circumstances of romantic valor, and no one appeared so fit to carry off the warbling beauty, as he who could alike protect her with his sword, and write songs for her to warble. But Sheridan, with all his great talents, was not provident enough to save a wife from ordinary disquietudes, nor (for aught that has appeared) had he steadiness of heart enough to make her happy, in spite of them; and Miss Linley, besides the vanity perhaps natural to a flattered beauty, and therefore a craving for admiration, wanted economy herself, and had a double portion of sensibility. It is to be doubted whether the author of *The Rivals* and the *School for Scandal* possessed the sentiments of love in anything like proportion to the animal passion of it. An harmonious nature probably left no sympathy out of the composition of his wife. The result, chiefly as it affected their fortunes, has been intimated by Madame d'Arbly in very solemn head-shaking style. It was looked upon no doubt as a far less daring thing to take a wife from the concert room than the theatre, especially as Miss Linley had not long been in it, and the precedent, Anastasia Robinson, notwithstanding the equivocal look of her position in the first instance, had been redeemed by the graces of her understood propriety and manners, and the way she sustained her rank to the last. But a female was now to appear on the stage, and in comedy too, who, by a singular fitness for personating the character of a gentlewoman, was justly accorded the rank of one by common consent, and who, by her marriage in high life, seems to have taken off the worst part of the opprobrium from all similar unions in future.—We need not add that we allude to

Elizabeth Farren, who, in the year 1797, upon the death of his first Countess, was married to Edward, Earl of Derby, father of the present Earl. His Lordship was neither young nor handsome; the lady was prudent, quietly transferred her elegant manners from the stage to the drawing-room, and the public heard no more of her.

This sensible example was followed by those whom it had probably assisted towards the like exaltation. In 1807 Louisa Brunton was married to the late Earl Craven, by whom she was mother to the present Earl, and, like Miss Farren, disappeared into private life. We recollect her as being what is called a fine woman, and one that had lady-like manners, carried to a pitch of fashionable indifference. She would sometimes, for instance, twist about a leaf or bit of thread between her lips while speaking, by way of evincing her naturalness, or *nonchalance*. She was sister of the respectable actor of the same name, and aunt of Mrs. Yates, the admirable performer of Victorine.

In the same year Miss Searle (we know not her Christian name, which is a pity, considering that she was one of the delights of our boyish eyes) became the wife of Robert Heathcote, Esq., brother of Sir Gilbert, and vanished like her predecessors. She was a dancer, but of great elegance, with a rare look of lady-like self-possession, which she contrived to preserve without injuring a certain air of enjoyment fitting for the dance. It was this union that captivated us.

The Beggars' Opera now put a coronet on the brows of another Polly—at least, this character, we believe, was the one which chiefly brought forward the gentle attractions of Mary Catherine Bolton, called also Polly Bolton, who, in 1813, became the wife of Lord Thurlow, nephew of the first Lord Thurlow, the Judge, and what is more, a true poet, notwithstanding the fantastic things he mixed up with his poetry. We fear he made but too poetical a consort, richer in the article of mind than money; but if he had a poet's kindness, and her Ladyship heart enough to understand him (as her look promised), she may still have been happy. We know nothing further of his Lordship or his marriage, except that the present Lord is the result.

We have no records before us to show when Mr. Becher, a gentleman of fortune, married the celebrated tragic actress, Miss O'Neil; nor when Mr. Bradshaw, another, married Miss Tree, one of the truest of the representatives of Shakspeare's gentler heroines, albeit there was something a little fastidious in her countenance. The latest of these unions, Mrs. Coutt's marriage to the Duke of St. Albans, came the first under our notice; and therefore we shall now conclude with some general remarks on the spirit of this custom of wedding with the stage, and the light in which it ought to be regarded; and this simply concentrates itself, we conceive, into one point, which is, that the theatrical world no more renders a person unworthy of the highest and happiest fortune, if the individual has been unspoilt by it, than the world of fashion does. Let any one ask himself whether it would be fair to say, "Don't take a wife or husband from the stage," than "Don't take one from the world of fashion." Mrs. Bradshaw was of unexceptionable character; Lady Peterborough was unexceptionable; Beard was unexceptionable; so was O'Brien, for aught we know to the contrary; so were Miss Linley, Miss Farren, Miss Brunton, Miss Searle, Miss Bolton, Miss O'Neil, and Miss Tree. Really the stage, instead of a sorry figure on these occasions, cuts, upon the whole, an excellent one; and considering its comparative smallness and inferior education, may put its fashionable friend on the defensive!

[The above is condensed from a very interesting article on the subject in "The Monthly Repository."]

A DAY'S FISHING WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

Years, which have passed away like passing clouds, have somewhat cooled down my early ardor for trimmering, although a deep love of the noble art still draws me to the banks of the Nene during the prime of the season. I was walking down my garden on the evening of the 22d of September, after a day's snipe-shooting in Crowland-wash,—bag, eight couple of snipe and a teal,—ruminating as to what beat I should take on the morrow, when I heard the sound of footsteps behind me, and turning round met the face of an old friend,—long absent in a distant land! The mutual greeting and fond inquiries being over, we strolled back to the house and ordered our coffee and cigars, with the full intention of having a happy evening. And happy indeed it passed;—tales of early days, long yarns about the Nene, were the pleasing themes, on which we dwelt—with stories of the fields and woods:

"When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew."

We agreed, as his visit was limited to three days, to have one on the Nene, another in the Wash, and a third among the partridges and hares. I therefore despatched a message to *Will Fish*, to have the boat at Woodstone-staunch by daybreak, and to get a score of places baited in readiness for us, intending to commence casting at six o'clock. We shortly after went to bed, but I cannot say that I slept so sound as on ordinary occasions; and indeed I would not give much for the man who can, when he has "a friend of early life" in his house, with whom he expects to have a day or two's sport, in the old haunts of their boyhood, after an absence of several years.

The morning came, and shone calm and bright upon us as, with our full allowance of prog and tackle, we started for the day. We soon got plenty of baits and embarked for our destined reach of water, at which we arrived at about seven, and commenced operations for a regular day's trimmering. We placed the first dozen lines in clear, deep water, baiting them with dace; the next dozen in holes cut in a thick bed of weeds, baited with roach, and the rollers sunk about mid-water; the third dozen on the opposite side in shoal water, baited chiefly with gudgeon for perch; and the fourth dozen opposite the first, with roach. It will be seen by those well versed in trimmering (if it be admitted that our selection of water was a good one) that our plan of fishing it was excellent. We had placed our trimmers on both sides of the water so as to miss no part of it. We had two dozen hooks with different bait-fish in the deep open water, in which pike will roam for prey at night and morning; another dozen among the weeds for such of them as were lurking about home; and the remainder on the gravelly shallows where both perch and pike invariably take a great portion of their food, each line being about twenty yards from another, and those on the opposite side at equal distances *between* them. Having "put in" our trimmers to our satisfaction, we retired to the thicket on the north side of the river, where we quickly lighted a fire made of dry reeds and rotten boughs, and opened our stores. Perhaps it may be asked, "What were your stores?" Why, chiefly cold tongue and fruit pie, bread and cheese and old ale, with bottled porter and brandy, and a case of cigars. With these, under an old oak whose stately brethren were standing full of years around, while one of the coolest and clearest springs was running at our feet, and our casting-net and jackets were hung to dry from a willow, which overhangs the deep water, our cup was full of happiness, affording not only present enjoyment but also leaving a relish for memory to indulge in for many a future year. I have flushed both snipes and woodcocks by the side of that unfreezing spring, nor was the recollection of those events, so dear to a sportsman, wanting to my old companion, who had shared with me each and all of them.

An hour soon passed away among such scenes and reminiscences, and we were admonished by *Will* that the first dozen trimmers ought to be looked at, and that he had seen one of the rollers—he *thought* No. 4,—in the middle of the river. *Will* has an eye like a pike, though deaf as a post, and is another instance of the extraordinary manner in which nature makes up for the loss of any one of our senses, by the additional quickness and increased power with which she endows the others. Thus, when four of us have been in the boat taking up the trimmers at dusk, I have seen Will Fish from the stern spy out a roller which had been sunk in deep water when we had all missed it, and which we could scarce discern when he pointed it out. We took the hint, packed up the remainder of our victualling stores, and embarked. We found a pike at No. 4, and a good one too, being thirty inches in length, and weighing sixteen pounds; but he was the only one at the first dozen. Now I always expected we should have him, for twice as I passed near the reed-bed where he lay, during the first fortnight of September, I had seen him *strike*, and almost longed to lay down my gun and put in four trimmers hard by, lest some one else should pop upon him. The next lot were more productive, but the fish were nothing like so good in quality as the first, nor did we find his equal during the day. The lines on the shallows had done nothing, which was the case also with the last dozen. We now held a consultation whether or not we should take up our trimmers and go two miles further up the river; and had we not known of old that the water we had began to fish *was* the best part of the river, we should have done so without hesitation. Another consideration weighed with us, and it was, that at this period of the season, as contra-distinguished from July and August, the pike frequently bite better at mid-day than near sun-rise and sun-set, which in those months are decidedly their principal times of feeding. My friend being an excellent troller, proposed to take a few casts just above our trimmers chiefly to ascertain whether or not the fish were on the move; and as he got a run in less than a quarter of an hour, we resolved to let the lines remain where they were for the rest of the day. While he was trolling, I amused myself by rigging out a perch-line on a principle similar to that which is used in eel-fishing. A long strong line is first taken with six loops in it, to which shorter lines are to be fixed. But as in the eel-line, these loops are about five feet asunder, in the perch line they must be full twelve feet apart, and the line appended to each of them should be eighteen or twenty feet long instead of three feet as in the eel-line. The reasons are these: as the perch must be fished for with live baits and floats, if they were nearer together they would get foul; a greater length is also required for the perch to run home with his bait before he pouches it, which is not required with eels. I first saw this scheme practised by an old pensioner, who was a great frequenter of the Nene ten years ago, when I too passed the chief part of my summers there. A killing mode of perch-fishing it is, and the best place to practice it is across a gravelly shaol where gudgeon abound, and which suddenly shelves off into deep water. Thus, near the margins of holes which the winter floods have made, or the course of the stream has worn in corners, and in other eddying places along its channel. With three, or at most four of these lines a man may ensure sport, if there are large perch in the water, and the weather be favorable. The lines are to be looked at every half hour, or as often as the floats are *well* under.

We now took another survey of the trimmers, and found our boat peck to contain four brace of pike, of which the smallest was about four pounds weight, and there were three fish of about seven pounds each. We re-baited the hooks and sat down to dinner. That over, and our fire having been made up, I sallied forth in search of a bottle. "Those who hide can find," says the old proverb, and true it is, for I soon returned with a magnum of port, which I had not seen since July, 1834. I have always felt much pleasure in these hoards, and recommend those who frequent woods and rivers to possess a few cellars of a similar kind, but by no means to put all their eggs in one basket. Another thing, too, is worthy of note—to mark *well and unequivocally* under which particular tree, or in which cavity the store is placed, for nothing is so easy at the distance of even a few months as to confound one tree or place with another, and to be unable to find the hidden treasures. I remember once being up the Nene duck-shooting, on a piercing cold day in January, and rejoicing the heart of my comrade with a glass of cogniac obtained from one of my secret crypts at a moment when it was almost worth a guinea a drop to him. To return, and to conclude this yarn: we finished our bottle, and took up our trimmers for the last time; another brace of pike were taken, and of perch altogether three brace and a half—one fine fellow weighing four pounds. The lines in the deep clear water were upon the whole most successful, which indeed is always the case except in the middle of summer, when the weeds make an almost impervious shelter, in which the large fish delight to lie in ambush for their prey. Excepting the one large fish first taken, the dace were unsuccessful, another proof that from their sulkiness they are an inferior bait-fish to the roach. The smaller lot of bait-fish did but little good, which shows that although these in the early part of the season, when pike have just done spawning, and before they gorge well, may succeed best on trimmers, they will not at any other period allure a good fish to the hook. In short the result of this day confirmed the experience of many years, that in the early and latter end of the season the deep water is best; the weed-beds and cut holes in the middle of summer; the shoal water always safe for a fish, and that there is no bait for a trimmer equal to a roach six inches long.

N. W.

Peterborough. London (New) Sporting Magazine for Oct., 1837.

THE MORNING AFTER A DEBAUCH.

"An infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor, when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping."

The opinion contained in these spirited lines is but in part correct; it is just only when you have had a good dose of sleep yourself, and can afford to watch over those who have not as yet had their nap out. Of all the disagreeable and vexatious feelings, there is none more tormenting to the nerves than to behold others soundly sleeping away, buried in delicious forgetfulness, whilst you, with open eyes and aching limbs, are turning, and tumbling, and tossing about, and invoking in vain all the saints in paradise to weigh down your swollen eyelids. Why do they sleep? and why can't you? Oh, how you envy them, and curse the sleepless activity of mind and the excitability of fibre Nature has in her wrath bestowed upon you! In our time, we have had those we loved sleep beside us, and we wondered, and were sorely vexed, at seeing that the troubles which kept us feverishly awake had no such effect on them, and that they slept on, heedless of the storm, which if it swept us away must be equally fatal to them. Sleep betokens insensibility, and if we were married and had a wife that would sleep the live-long night whilst she knew that anxiety kept us awake, we should be inclined to think that her love was but skin deep.

We said that we were to sleep with the *Liner*, in a many-bedded room at the Ship. When we entered it all the beds were doubly filled, and various sounds from a gentle breathing to a strong snoring, told us that "coculus indicus" had done its office. The only vacant bed was a small turn-up one, ricketty and creaky, with a coverlid that appeared as if it had been sponged with ink. We were soon in it, and in five minutes the Liner was fast asleep. It was that which vexed us! To think that our anxiety about him kept us awake, whilst, callous-hearted fellow, he seemed to be so lightly afflicted by his cheerless situation! We remained awake all night, and we never shall forget the moaning, and starting, and sighing, and half-articulated cursing, and scratching, and kicking, and struggling with the night-mare, that proceeded from the greater portion of the wretches in the room when their first sleep was over. The Liner, who had slept soundly for about two hours, was awful: the contortions of his face, the writhing of his limbs, the broken words of "wife," "child," "India," "Hume made a fortune there," "learnt languages," "Hindostanee," plainly told that the soporific effects of gin were passing away, and that the depressing dreams it causes were maddening the brain in rapid succession. The sun soon began to pour his light into the room, and it was affecting to see the miserables, half asleep and half awake, covering their eyes with their arms, execrating the blessed luminary for his coming, and perfectly conscious that a few hours' sleep would do them good—that, at least, it would be a blessed thing if they could, for a short time longer, be oblivious of their wretchedness and follies. But it was of no use; their very anxiety to sleep prevented them; their returning reason, goaded by their depressed spirits—that horrid sense of one's own incapacity and uselessness which succeeds inebriety—the stings of a maudlin conscience—the fears that everybody must be aware of their infirmity—the sinking at the stomach—the fitful feeling of nausea—the desire to drink, not coffee or tea, but some fluid that might prop up their tottering frame and spirits—would have chaced sleep far away from them, even though they were swung in a West Indian hammock, in a garden of ripe poppies, with their heads buried in a pillow of fresh hops. Sleep! they were but too anxious to leave their beds and room—to go anywhere,

"For quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."

But then they tried to linger, and while away a little more time, until the bar should be opened, when they would be able to prescribe for themselves—to have recourse to rum and milk, or gin and ditto, to ginger beer and brandy, to cider similarly qualified, to ale, porter, bitters, and to divers other temporarily relieving mixtures. How eager they were to communicate to each other their ailments, and how glad each seemed to be to find the others as crack-sick as himself! What mutual advice was given, as to what liquor was best to be taken!—how they vowed to eschew over-drinking! and how speedily the sound of the unbarring of the bar-shutters dissipated their vows, and made them descend at a "pas de charge" to make their greetings to the landlord!

Life by a Liner.

THE HORSE.

In my opinion, the horse is the most noble of all animals, and, I am sorry to say, the most ill-used, at least in England, for I do not recollect a single instance of having seen a horse ill-treated on the continent. In fact, you hardly ever see a horse on the continent that is not in good working condition; you never meet the miserable, lame, blind, and worn-out animals that you do in England, which stumble along with their loads behind them till they stumble into their graves. If any one would take the trouble to make friends with their horses, he would be astonished at the intelligence and affection of this noble animal; but we leave him to our grooms, who prefer to use force to kindness. At the same time, I have observed, even in colts, very different dispositions, some are much more fond and good-tempered than others: but let them be what they will as colts, they are soon spoiled by the cruelty and want of judgment of those who have charge of them in the stable.

The sympathy between the Arab and his horse is well known. The horse will lie down in the tent, and the children have no fear of receiving a kick; on the contrary, they roll upon him, and with him. Such is the result of kindness. And I can now give a proof of the effects to the contrary, as it was, in this instance, what may be termed *malice prepense* in the animal. The horses used in the West Indies are supplied from the Spanish Main, they are from the Andalusian stock originally, partly Arab and Barb. These horses are taken by the lasso from the prairies, and are broken in as follows: They lead them down to the beach, saddle and bridle them for the first time, and mount them with a pair of spurs, the rowels of which are an inch long. So soon as the animal plunges and attempts to divest himself of his rider, he is forced into the sea, and there he is worked in and out of his depth till he is fairly worn out and exhausted. This is repeated once or twice till they are submissive, and then they are sent off as broke horses to the West India Islands. A friend of mine had a very beautiful animal, which he had purchased from one of these ships. He had not bought him more than a week before he took the bit in his mouth, and ran away with the black boy who was exercising him. The boy lost his seat and fell, and the horse, for a hundred yards, continued his career; and then he stopped, turned round, gallopped up to the boy, who was still on the ground, and never ceased kicking him till the poor fellow's brains was scattered in the road. Now this was evidently determination for revenge.

Capt. Maryatt.

"I say, Dick, why don't you make my boots shine? This will never do."
"Why, look here, massa, dis is a little grain de no-a-countest blacking I eber did see. De more I rubs him, massa, de wus he shines!"

GLENCOE

WILL STAND during the next season (his second in the United States) at the residence of Mr. James Jackson, near Florence, Alabama. He will serve mares at $100, payable in the season, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be well kept there or in the neighborhood on reasonable terms.

PEDIGREE.

GLENCOE, bred by the Right Honorable the Earl of Jersey, foaled in 1831, was got by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, grandam Web (sister to Wire) by Waxey, g. grandam Penelope by Trumpator, g. g. grandam Prunella by Highflyer, g. g. g. grandam Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner—Bonny Lass by Bay Bolton—Darley Arabian—Byerly Turk—Taffolet Barb—Place's White Turk—Natural Barb mare.

Glencoe was the first produce of his dam Trampoline; Web (his grandam) produced Filagree, Ruben's Junior, Adam's Middleton, Glenartney, Trampoline.

Penelope (g. grandam) produced Whalebone, Web, Woful, Wilful, Wire, Whisker, Waterloo, Wildfire, Windfall, Whizgig, Waltz, Wamba.

Prunella (g. g. grandam) produced Penelope, Parasol (dam of Partisan), Peleisse, Podargus, Pioneer, Pope, Pledge (dam of Tiresias), Pawn, Pope Joan, Piquet, Prudence.

Promise (g. g. g. grandam) produced Patience, Peeress, Pallas, Prude, Prizefighter, Torbay, Peppermint, Prunella.

Julia (g. g. g. g. grandam) produced Probation, Pactolus, Prize, Promise, Princess.

Sultan (sire of Glencoe), by Selim, dam Bacchante by Williams' Ditto, grandam sister to Calomel by Mercury—Herod—Folly by Marske—Vixen by Regulus—her dam by Hutton's Spot—Fox—Cub—Bay Bolton—Cooneyskins—Hutton's Grey Barb—Byerly Turk—Bustler.

Selim (grandsire, and brother to Rubens and Castrel), by Buzzard, dam by Alexander, her dam by Highflyer—Alfred—Engineer, Bay Malton, dam by Cade—Lass of the Mill by Old Traveller—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson—Burton's Barb Mare.

Buzzard (g. grandsire), by Woodpecker, dam Misfortune by Dux—Curiosity by Snap—Regulus—Bartlett's Childers—Honeywood Arabian—True Blue's dam—Byerly mare.

DESCRIPTION.

Glencoe is a handsome chesnut; he measured, when thin, 15 hands 1½ inches; is of the most unexceptionable form, and a perfect model of the race horse; of great length, power, and stoutness, combined with symmetry. His frame is larger for his height than any horse within our knowledge. We despair of doing him justice in a description. He made one season in England after becoming our property. He was patronised by many of the first men on the Turf—proved a sure foal getter, and we are informed his stock are considered of the highest promise. Lord Jersey has entered a colt by Glencoe, out of Cobweb, in a 300 guinea Sweepstakes at the Beacon Course. He is now in full health and vigor. We subjoin his performances, with a few extracts, from the London Sporting Magazine, in relation thereto, and without a word of comment of our own. We omit much that is equally complimentary to the horse, and are induced to insert this chiefly as being due to those who bred from the horse last season, and who have not access to the English books, that statements from them favorable to their stock should be recorded.

PERFORMANCE.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1834.

April 15—The first Tuesday's Riddlesworth stakes of 200 sovs. each, half forfeit, for the produce of mares covered in 1830. Ab. M. 12 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe, by Sultan, 8st. 4lb	Robinson.	1
Sir S. Graham's b. f. Zulima		2
Lord Burlington's br. f. by Bizarre, out of Barossa		3
Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Sultan, out of Advance		4

Two to one on Glencoe.

At starting Glencoe took the lead at a moderate pace, was never headed, and won by two or three lengths, with Robinson standing in his stirrups and patting him on the neck as he cantered past the winning post!—*Sporting Magazine*, vol. 9, 2d series. page 58.

April 17—Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit, for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb. R.M. Nine subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. c. Plenipotentiary	Conelly.	1
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe		2

Six to four on Glencoe.

It was notorious that the contest in which nine were to take part was given up to the two big wigs; but will they divide the stakes or run? that was the question. It was a great national concern to see the two most superior horses of the year engaged in the Derby,—it put the question of their relative pretensions beyond dispute. It was soon no longer matter of uncertainty, and there was a rush to the ditch when they were saddling, and two such nags were enough to make any man stir his stumps for a peep.

The orders to each was to make all running; and Conelly told me he had never been so fast over that ground since he rode Priam over it.

At starting they both took off at an awful rate; in about a quarter of a mile it showed that it was not his best pace, so he went by Glencoe, of whom Robinson was making the bes without hurting his horse; and thus the race ended at a rate of speed which those who were lucky enough to witness will long remember.—Second series, vol. 9, page 61.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting.

Monday, April 28, 1834—The Desert stakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit. A.F. 10 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe, 8st. 7lb	Robinson.	1
Mr. Payne's b. c. Ganges, by Tigress, out of Luzborough's dam, 8st. 4lb		2

Five to one on Glencoe. Won by a length with ease.

Tuesday, April 29—Renewal of the 2000 guineas stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs each, half forfeit, for 3 year old colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb. R.M. 28 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe	Robinson.	1
Sir M. Wood's b. c. Flatterer, by Muley		2
Mr. Yates' ch. c. Bentley		3

Mr. Mills' b. c. brother to Kate; Lord Orford's b. c. Paris, by Waterloo, out of Posthuma; Lord Lowther's b. c. by Reveller, out of Trictrac, and Mr. Gully's Viator, also started but were not placed.

It may serve to say, perhaps, that the opinions I have given in my observations on the Derby and Oaks in your last number, are fully supported by the results of this week's running. Glencoe has proved himself, as I said he would, an *under rated* horse.—Page 108.

Epsom, May, 1833.

Thursday, 29th—Second year of the renewal of the Derby stakes of 50 sovs. each, half forfeit, for 3 year old colts 8st. 7lb. and fillies 8st. 2lb., a mile and a half, the owner of the second horse received 100 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner paid 100 sovs. towards the expense of the police. 123 subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. h. Plenipotentiary, by Emilius—Connelly	1
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Shilelah, by St. Patrick	2
Lord Jersey's ch c. Glencoe by Sultan	3

Mr. Yates' ch. c. Bentley, Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Darius by Reveller, Mr. W. Edward's b. c. Intriguer by Reveller, Mr. Watt's b. c. Bubastes by Blacklock, Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Morotto by Gustavus, Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Olympic by Reveller, Mr. Gully's gr. c. Viator by Stump, Mr. Sadler's b. c. Defensive by Defence, Mr. Gardner's br. c. Comet by Whalebone, Duke of Rutland's br. c. by Bizarre, of Young Barrossa by Partisan, Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Nisus by Velocipede, Lord Oxford's b. c. Paris by Waterloo, Mr. Gratrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Trulla, Mr. Cosby's b. c. Stradbally by Waterloo or Reveller, Mr. Mills' b. c. brother to Kate, Sir M. Wood's b. c. Flatterer by Muley, Lord Lowther's b. c. by Reveller out of Trictrac, Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle by Bedlamite, and Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Guardian, brother to Trustee, also started but were not placed.

Ascot, 1831.

June 11th.—For the St. James' Palace stake of 100 sovs. each. 18 subs.

Mr. Batson's Plenipo	Walked over.
Lord Jersey's Glencoe	Withdrew his stake.

June 12th.—Second year of the Royal stakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit, 3 year old colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb. New mile. 9 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe	Walked over.

Goodwood, 1834.

July 31st.—The gold cup, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, a subscription of 20 sovs. each with 100 added from the racing fund; the second horse received 100*l.* out of the stakes—two and a half miles 40 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, by Sultan, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb	Nat.	1
Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, 6 yrs., 9st. 2lb		2
Mr. Forth's Famine, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb		3

Mr. Osbaldeston's The Saddler, 6 years, 9st. 12lb., Mr. Theobald's Rockingham, 4 years, 9st. 4lb., Mr. Kerby's ch. h. St. Giles, 5 years, 8st. 12lb., Col. Peel's Nonsense, 4 year, 8st. 12lb., Mr. Forth's b. f. Marpessa, 4 years, 8st. 7lb., Mr. J. Day's b. g. Burgomaster, 5 years, 8st. 6 b., and Mr. J. Day's b. g. by Spectre out of Liston's dam, 7 years, 7st. 9lb, also started but were not placed.

At the second attempt they got off tolerably well, Burgomaster leading and the gelding at the tail; Colwick next the stand; Glencoe among the thick of the throng. When they had got under the wood going out there was a "lengthened chain," the Saddler appearing to go, Marpessa getting to the head, and the length of string showing less palpably. At the turn down the falling ground they were all on tolerable terms, Burgomaster and two or three others seeming however to have had enough. On the flat between the distance and the quarter mile post the tale of most was told; little Rogers taking it into his head that his chance was not out got well forward; but now came up Colwick and Glencoe, separating themselves from all the others half a dozen lengths, the race laying exclusively between these two. Opposite to the stand, Scott called upon his horse powerfully—Nat. never stirring his hands from his horse's withers; thus winning by three good lengths, literally in a canter, *as I always said he would*, and showing himself an extraordinary good horse, *as I always said he was*.

How long will men shut their eyes and stultify their understandings to public running or talk or listen to "Tom Noddy fooleries," that "a 3 year old never won the Goodwood cup," as if that were any reason one never should! Famine was third, and a good third too, that that is as far as regards the lot behind, *another three year old*, none other placed. The new ground was very heavy, and the race must have been a terribly severe affair for limbs accustomed to the elastic sod of Newmarket.

August 1st, 1834.—The racing sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for 3 year olds, last mile of the Drawing Room Stake Course. 10 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, 8st. 13lb	Robinson.	1
Mr. Forth's Louisa, 8st 4lb		2
Mr. Sadler's Defensive, 8st. 7lb		3
Mr. Rush's Rebel, 8st. 7lb		4

Six and seven to one on Glencoe.

Glencoe carried 6lbs. extra as winner of the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes at Newmarket. This honor had no effect on the betting; I saw a noble Lord and a noble Earl take 10*l.* each to return a hundred if the field won.—So much for the odds.

At the wood Flatman was making running at a killing pace with Rebel, Glencoe with James Robinson next. At the turn they were all abreast, Forth's next the rails, Norman doing his best. It was Glencoe's race, however, all through, Robinson holding him hard and winning in a canter.

Newmarket Second October Meeting, 1834.

Monday, 12th | The Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each; T.M.M. 5 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, 3 yrs. 8st. 3lb	Robinson.	1
Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus, 4 yrs, 9st. 5lb		2
Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, 6 yrs. 9st. 7lb		3

Six to four on Glensoe.

At starting George Edwards took off Colwick at the top of his pace, leading at least by 20 lengths through the Gap, Glencoe in the middle, with Glaucus hanging on his near quarter a length behind. The first mile and a half was done thus without any alteration, Colwick making all the play in his power for his confederates. Now, however, the game altered. Edwards had nearly run his horse to a stand still; he fell rapidly astern, and James Robinson, finding his horse mending on his second wind, let go his head for an instant and tried his stride.

I stood just where this part of the contest was acting. Never shall I forget their speed at that moment. Robinson now sought to give his horse a pull, but Glencoe had got his head up and it required all the power and skill of his accomplished rider to find his mouth again. Scott now set to with his horse three distances from home, collaring his opponent, but never getting past his head, Glencoe winning with all ease by two or three lengths.

To all who have any experience of the 3 year olds of 1834, it is quite unnecessary to appeal for the character of Glencoe as a racer Beyond a doubt, of those of his year he has shown himself the best by a vast superiority; indeed from his late performances he has shown himself the best horse in the world. Where is there one to be found to meet him at weight for age? Not in England assuredly.

The first of the running for the Derby was made by Intriguer at his best, and he is a superior horse at a short distance (more of him anon). Glencoe too, made play every stride of the Course, as it was known that the big horse was short of work, and it was intended the work should shut him up. How else are we to account for Shillelah defeating Glencoe, a better horse than he has since shown himself by a stone, except that he had upset himself early in the race, from the severity with which he forced the pace?—Vol. 10, second series, page 65.

Ascot, 1835.

June 18th—The Gold Cup of 300 sovs. value, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added from the fund, 3 year olds 6st. 10lb.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 3lb. Mares allowed 3lb. To start at the Cup Post on the new mile and go once round, about two miles and a half. The owner of the 2d horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes. 36 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe, 4 yrs	Robinson.	1
Sir E. Baker's ch. c. Bran, 4 yrs		2
Col. Peel's ch. h. Nonsense, 5 yrs		3

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Shillelagh, 4 yrs., Mr. Cosby's br. f. Pussy, 4 yrs., Mr. Goring's ch. c. Bentley, 4 yrs, Mr. Forth's b. f. Famine, 4 yrs., Lord Jersey's b. f. Misnomer, by Merlin, dam by Phantom, and Mr Forth's Marpessa, 5 yrs., also started but were not placed.—Page 281.

Six to five on Glencoe, 9 to 2 against Bran, 7 to 1 against Shillelagh, 8 to 1 against Bentley, 12 to 1 against Famine, and 20 to 1 against Nonsense.

The business of this race is very interesting, and the exhibition one of great beauty. The constables rail off a large square in front of the judges' stand, in which the horses are saddled, mounted and paraded for inspection. Though some of the old hands appear to object to this display, it is only a make believe; the devil a one of them but likes to be a lion and astonish the natives with their natty boots and shining jackets. A party of foreigners on the roof of the Royal Stand appeared astonished with the *tout ensemble* of men and horses; two Pagans in red turbans were particularly so, and well they might.

Could Persia with her steeds of a thousand years' unblemished pedigree—Arabia with her desert-born—Egypt with her fiery-footed, have produced one meet to contend with our *Sultan's Son* over his native sod, as to-day we saw him.—But this is from our purpose. The square is broken—canters are performed—legs are stretched, and the word is given—they are off!

Just before starting, I should observe, Pavis declared his horse was broken down, nevertheless he went. The instant they got away the Merlin filly went slap to the front three or four lengths, at very severe running for Glencoe; Bran next, Glencoe and Shillelagh handy, then Forth's, Bentley beaten as they passed the chair, and Pavis working him down the hill as few other men would a horse with fore legs as brittle as tobacco pipes Pretty much in this form they kept past the Swinly post and down the fall, the pace extraordinarily good. At the turn of the hill, Robinson began to steal up his horse, and at the trees, where his confederate began to cry *peccavi*, he took up the running and the lead. In this manner we have them rounding the turn into the straight ground: and here Chifney made his rush, accompanied by Famine, (Forth's winner if either;) but they were at once defeated, the pace here being terrific. Glencoe, Bran, and Nonsense, singling themselves from the ruck, the others without a chance. A glance at Robinson's seat, to those who know his style of riding, was enough to tell the result. Next the rails he was skimming light and graceful as "the dolphin from the shark." At the betting stand, John Day brought up Bran with great resolution, and showing his nag a game one to the marrow; but it needed only a slackened hold of Glencoe's head to make him an easy winner by a length—Nonsense about the same distance from Bran, running right honestly, and as it is not always the case, we name it when it is merited—ran in four minutes and a half. The judge placed only three, but as the task is an easy one, 'tis as well to add that Famine was fourth, Shillelagh fifth, Marpessa sixth, Pussy seventh, the Merlin filly eighth, and Bentley boots,—all but the three first sadly tailed.

It was a treat to see them when they returned to weigh, a positive triumph for condition. The day was as hot as Hindostan; two miles and a half had been done at such speed as is rarely to be seen, and no more distress was there than after a watering canter.

Newmarket—The Whip.

October 16, 1835—Free to be challenged for by any horse in the kingdom, entrance 200 sovs., P.P., horses of all ages to carry 10st. (140lbs.) the Beacon Course, (4 miles, 1 furlong, 138 yards.) Lord Jersey entered ch. c. Glencoe, 4 yrs, by Sultan, and the challenge not being accepted, the whip was resigned to him.—Vol. 10, page 486.

Of Plenipo I say nothing, his "occupation's gone!" Either through villany or infatuated stupidity, he is, I fear, lost to the turf. But suppose it possible that a match were made to be run at even weights over any course in the Kingdom, between Touchstone and Glencoe, may I ask what it is imagined the odds would be in such an event? Would any man back the winner of the St. Leger with the fear of a commission of lunacy before his eyes?—Vol. 10, page 67.

In reviewing the racing season of 1834. Craven remarks,—"Be assured *that* son of Sultan and Trampoline is as superior to anything in the North as he has shown himself to most in the South; *only await the result of the Goodwood Cup*, and then if he does not prove himself entitled to the place I give him among the first of his year, as fat Jack says, spit upon me and call me horse. Well, on the day of the race, this same Glencoe, who had been at long odds, was second in the betting, and won all through, hard held, almost in a canter! It is seen at a glance to the nominations, that forty of the best horses in England were engaged in it, and that the pick and choice of them started. Glaucus did not go, his defeat by this splendid colt being as yet *in retto*. The close of the Goodwood meeting was a sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, in which Glencoe beat Louisa, the *second for the Oaks*, and two others, all three running like furies, just in the kind of devil-may-care canter with which *le beau* D'Orsay picks up hearts as thick as blackberries in Regent-street or Hyde Park."—Vol. 10, page 187.

In looking back I find that in my notice of the second October, I have not spoken of the race for the Garden Stakes, which brought together Colwick, Glaucus, and Glencoe, two against one, on the system in school pugilistics—one down, another come on. Precisely in this fashion did this extraordinary son of Sultan defeat Glaucus, who in the summer had proved himself invincible among the best horses of all ages. It would be waste of ink and paper to draw for any class of readers deductions from his performances, such as his have been.—Vol. 10, page 192.

Craven, in speaking of the Derby favorites for 1835, remarks:—Here at the top we have Silenus, an eminence, as I conceive, whence he is soon fated to descend. I do not like his action, he gets too much off the ground for my taste. It will be urged that I have seen him at work with Glencoe; I admit, and I can without hesitation say, *that* is not the most becoming company in which to meet him. Son of Sultan, thou art *indeed* a racer! It is worth a sportsman's while, as they say in Ireland, to take a short stick in his hand, and walk some fine morning over Epping and down to the heath, merely to see him "brushing with hasty steps the dew away" to meet the sun upon Bury Hill.—Vol. 10, page 486.

In regard to the withdrawing Plenipo from the Ascot Gold Cup:—A more interesting event to those who consider the Turf as sportsmen regard it, has rarely occurred, than a contest between two of the most celebrated horses contained in its annals; that Plenipo and Glencoe are such, I take for granted. On Tuesday morning I saw the former take his gallop; I never saw him in such form. Perhaps he had less apparent flesh than in April; but then his muscle was if possible more developed, and he was the reality of the courser, which all may have imagined, but which those who have not seen him have only idealized .... On Wednesday somehow it was whispered he was not to go for the Cup: no reason given; nobody knew where he got his news, but everybody *did* hear it. The horse was in a private stable, and on Thursday morning he was gone .... The horse was lame.—The statement of *one* gentleman known upon the turf, that this was the fact, would have silenced all clamor. He had the diabetes from the heat of the weather and change of water .... The same course would have been effectual.—The horse was amiss .... seeing is believing.—Mr. Batson is a nervous man, and afraid to risk the character of his horse with Glencoe .... Mr. Batson cannot plead ignorance of the conditions of the race being play or pay.—Vol. 10, page 384.

December 9, 1837. JAMES JACKSON & Co.

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.

Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ——

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor*.

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.

James M. Henderson.
W. R. Smith.
Major Wm. Eadins.
Major J. M. Starke.
Simeon Fair, Esq.

Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.

Major J. D. Williams,
William Noland,
M. R. Smith,
Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major J. M. Starke,
Major J. D. Williams,
Capt. A. Griffin.

There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.

[S2] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r*.

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 25 subs.

A Sweepstakes is now open to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1838, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st April, 1838. Now several subs.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address

[n18-tlJ] J H OLIVER, *Lynchburg, Va.*

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

I. N. HAYNES & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILORS, No 66 Fulton Street, keep constantly on hand a general assortment of cloths, cassimeres, and vestings.

☞ Orders executed with neatness and dispatch—*for Cash*. [d2-3t]

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention

---

A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of front building No. 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.

Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments. [o21-1t]

SWEEPSTAKES—St. LOUIS, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.
4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
5. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
6 Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.
7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.

St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov. 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, [illegible] To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [illegible]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A29]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, fall, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [illegible]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

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Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [illegible]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [illegible]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. [illegible], where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [illegible]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. [illegible], Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave there every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [317] Mobile Ala., June 1, [illegible]

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mahomed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discoloment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by

[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States.

NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,

EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*

The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—

Original Tales of Powerful Interest.

Humorous and Graphic Delineations of Men and Manners.

Novel Sketches of Foreign Lands; Poetry; Characteristic Studies; Essays on Popular Subjects, and Biographical notices of Celebrated or Eccentric Persons: with many Original Anecdotes.

The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Puckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.

The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day*.

An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the Music, every Number.

The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Columns—each Column contains more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed, on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.

An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a [illegible] will command Five Copies.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, La. - - Rapides Course, Jockey Club Races, 1st Tuesday in Jan.
AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - Hampton Course, Annual Jockey Club Races, 1st week in Feb.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - - Jockey Club Races, 29th Jan.
NEWBERRY C.H., S.C. Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Match,—heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, S.C. Jockey Club Spring Races, 1st week in January.
" " " Match, One mile and repeat, $500 a-side, Mr. Harrison's *Mexican* vs. Mr. Farrarr's *Uncas*, Dec. 25.
" " " Match, $1000 a-side, One mile out, Mr. Howard's *Churnleg* vs. Messrs. Bracy & Bostic's *Ballpeter*.
ST. MATHEWS, S. C. - Jockey Club Fall Races, 2d Wednesday in Jan.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and othe MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I.

Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Three Dollars. No charge will be made, however, to those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail in our columns, as in the case this week of Glencoe and John Bascombe.

WHAT WILL YOU WAGER?

The diligence stopped at the White Horse Inn, in the principal street in Fontainbleau. Fatigued and oppressed by the heat on the road, we slowly stretched ourselves, and descended the steps of the vehicle as lazily as possible, smiling at the vacant appearance which sleep, broken by our sudden arrival, had stamped on the visages of some of our fellow travellers. The baggage was dismounted, and dinner ordered. Some of the country folks were eagerly pressing forward to gaze on the newly arrived, together with their packages, bird cages, and children. In the midst of this bustle, a fat, red-faced man, about thirty years of age, an insipid babbler, who had favored us the whole of the journey with the history of his great speculations at Fontainbleu, and of his marriage, which he was at the present time coming there to consummate, drew out his watch, and exclaimed—

"Already four o'clock!"

"I'll bet you that it is not," said a gentleman in slippers, who was smoking a cigar before the door of the low-roofed apartment.

"'Tis one of Bricquet's watches," proudly answered the rubicund faced gentleman at this interruption.

"Ten louis that it is not one of Bricquet's," replied the smoker.

The other gave him a look of pity, and went into the traveller's room, saying to me—

"Don't dine here," and with a touch of the elbow, "we will go to a Cafe, where we can do better."

"I'll wager anything you choose that the watch is worth nothing," persisted the one in slippers, following after.

"I did not address my conversation to you, sir."

"I'll bet that you did," retorted the other.

My fellow traveller, confounded at this persecution, raised his hand, pointing to his forehead, signifying that the intruder was deranged.

"I defy you to prove it," continued his persecutor; and with this parry and thrust, the two regarded each other with the most startling looks it is possible to conceive, just like two dogs about to be let loose at one another.

"Upon my word," said the traveller to me, "I know nothing of the fellow, but I have a great inclination to make him march off."

"As to that, I wager you do not," answered the obstinate intruder. "Moreover, I will bet that I make you take the road back to Paris, and that, too, without delay."

"That will be no easy matter for you, as I came here to be married."

"One hundred louis that you do not!"

"Sir, you are an impertinent scoundrel, and I will box your ears."

"I bet 'tis a lie!"

Upon this, the ruddy faced gentleman stamped with rage, and passed before the other, making signs for him to follow.

"Yes, my love," said he of the cigar, taking with him a box containing a brace of pistols.

I interposed between them to stop this joke, but it was no longer a jesting matter, and my representations were useless. We reached a solitary spot in the park, where the segar fellow was saluted by an officer of the garrison, who was willing to become his second. I threw up into the air a five franc piece as a signal, the report of a pistol followed, and the piece of money fell to the ground indented.

"Bet," said the never-ceasing and immoveable marksman, "that I pierce that leaf trembling at the extremity of the bough:" and it was pierced.

"Wager that I kill you," added he, coolly regarding the astonished traveller.

"'Tis probable," replied the other, changing from the ruby to a ghastly hue; "and since it is probable, 'tis useless. Consequently, I take again the road back to Paris, and have the honor to be your very humble servant."

In fact, we saw him deposite himself upon the *imperiale* of the diligence. I solved the enigma. This was a rival, to whom the fair lady had given a description of her intended. Need I add, that he won the lady in question? After the honey-moon, I learned that the dead-shot had encountered the crest-fallen suitor in Paris, and said to him—

"I wager that you return to Fontainbleu."

And the fat, red-faced man, returned accordingly."

SONGS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

It is astonishing how the fashionables have begun to warble. The leaders in the world of harmony have distinguished themselves in several very popular songs, &c. We have noticed a few excellent performances, to wit:—

My heart's my own, my will is free.—Her Majesty, the Queen.
Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair.—The Duke of Sussex.
When a man weds he must make up his mind.—Sir Francis Sykes.
An old man would be wooing.—Earl Lauderdale.
Tyrant, soon I'll burst thy chains. Hon. Mrs. Norton.
'Tis a folly to talk of life's troubles.—Hon Mr. Norton.
Let fame sound the trumpet.—Sir Robert Peel.
The light of other days.—Lord Stanley.
Adieu, adieu, my native land.—Capt. Back.
Sure laws were made for every degree.—Marquis of Waterford.
From on high behold us.—Messrs. Polhill, Green, Gye, and Co.
Charlie is my darling.—Madame Vestris.
An Irishman all in his glory was there.—Mr. O'Connell.
The soldier tired—The Duke of Wellington.
Young I am and sore afraid.—Duke of St. Alban's.
A bachelor leads an easy life.—The Duke of Devonshire.
They don't propose.—The Ladies Buccleuch.
Will any kind gentleman hire me.—Horace Twiss.
Who'll buy a heart.—Countess of Blessington.
Better late than never.—Earl of Harrington.
Monster, away.—The King of Belgium.

A WEDDING JOKE.—When the Countess Marianne Von R—— married the cavalry Captain (Rittmeister) Von Z——, the friends of both parties were invited to a dance, in the midst of which a Major of Cuirassiers, remarkable for his corpulence, rushed into the room, disguised as a cook-maid, to reproach the bridegroom with having been guilty of seduction and abandonment of her. The charge was supported by a most unequivocal declaration of words, and an indication of the personal development, which, she sobbed out, could not last more than three or four days longer. The character was admirably sustained during half an hour, at the end of which time the forsaken one declared that as she had resolved to drown herself and her "little indiscretion" in the dripping-pan that night, she should have no occasion for some beautiful baby-linen, which she therefore presented to the bride, with the hope that the captain would be for ever true to his spouse, seeing the fatal effects of his inconstancy to the devoted Dolly. **Fraser's Magazine.**

"*What's in a name?*"—Our dear little fat friend, Queen Dolly Mopsy the Glorious, seems determined to make up for lost time, by giving to her little one, now she has one, names enough to have served for all she would have liked to have had. The infant Prince has been christened—Don Pedro d'Alcantara Maria Fernando Miguel Rafael Gabriel Gonzaga Xavier Joas Antonio Leopoldo Victor Francisco d'Assis Julio Amelio Saxe-Coburg-Gotha de Braganza e Bourbon.—Poor little fellow!

The *Birmingham Gazette*, in speaking of the oveturning of the Shrewsbury mail, says, "Though Mr. Jobson, the coach proprietor, was frightfully cut about the face, and a piece was literally jammed out of his cheek, the affair *was not serious*." Mr. Jobson, with his cuts in the face, and the piece out of his cheek, would very likely be glad to take the same merry view of the matter as the Birmingham reporter does. These things may not be "serious;" but if they are jokes, they are rather too practical."

An Irish officer of dragoons, on the continent, on hearing that his mother had been married since he left Ireland, exclaimed—"By St. Patrick, there is that mother of mine married again, I hope she won't have a son older than me, for if she has, I shall be cut out of my estate!"

VALUABLE BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the 24th Jan. 1838, at the residence of the late Daniel Dugger, deceased, in the County of Brunswick, and State of Virginia, 3 miles north of the Court House, will be sold all his Blooded Stock, consisting of

Maria West, by Marion, dam by Citizen.	
Polly Peacham, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance.	
F. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham,	3 yrs.
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	3
C. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie,	3
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna,	2
C. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham,	2
F. by Eclipse, out of Maria West,	1
C. by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peacham,	1
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham,	8 months.
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West,	8
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Gohanna;	8

Terms, 12 months. [d23-2t] Petersburg, Dec. 18, 1837.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 8¼ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1834—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51¼. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 544, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

HAMPTON RACES.

THE Races over the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, Ga., will commence on the first Tuesday in February, 1838, and continue during the week.

First Day -A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, sub. $1000, h. ft., declaration $100, Two mile heats. Closed with six subs.

M. L. Hammond names ch. c Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth.
John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie.
John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin out of Sally Taylor.
E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Miss Midway.
Wm. McCargo names b. c. Stael. by Imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Sally Eubanks.

Second Day—Two mile heats.
Third Day—Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
} Free for all.

The proprietors, after a vast deal of expense and labor, have at length fitted up this course, and it is admitted by visitors to be equal, if not superior, to any in the United States, in point of its fixtures, its locality, and its superiority of soil as a training track. The owners of horses, trainers, and riders, say from forty to fifty, can be accommodated with the utmost convenience and comfort.

Twelve or fifteen gentlemen, wishing *measureably* retirement from the noise and bustle of the city, can be furnished with excellent rooms.

Their stables are not inferior to any in America: they can stable from forty to fifty race horses.

☞ A number of fine horses will attend, and great sport is anticipated.
[d23] F. W. LACY, *Acting Proprietor*.

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Races for 1838, over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., have been arranged to come off in the following order:

On *Saturday*, Feb. 17—Citizens' Purse $1000, Three mile heats.

On *Monday*, Feb. 19—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats. Closed with 10 subs., viz.:—

Col. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena by Sir Archie.
Col. Hampton's b. f. *Emily* (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow.
Col. Fludd's c. by Bertrand Jr., out of Grey Girl by Buzzard.
Col. Alston's b. f. *Lilly* (Imp.) by The Colonel, out of Fleur de Lis.
James Rose's b. c. *Monarch* (Imp.) by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker.
John S. Preston's Imp. b. f. by Priam, out of Sister to Spermaceti.
Powell McRa's gr. c. *Grizzle*, by Godolphin, dam by Financier.
James Sinkler's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Buzzard.
E. M. Seabrook's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Miss Midway by Kosciusko.
Col. Ashe's ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Sally Taylor by Kosciusko.

Jockey Club Purses.

Wednesday, Feb. 21—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Thursday, Feb. 22—Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Friday, Feb. 23—Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Saturday, Feb. 24—Handicap Race, amount of gate money, usually from 6 to $700, Three mile heats.
Monday, Feb. 26—The Race for the *Tattersall Whip*, to be run for only by horses the property of members of the South Carolina Jockey Club.

The conditions of this race are—"Entrance $20; Four miles out; weight according to regular rules; whenever challenged after the first year to be run for, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each."

The following Rule is published for the information of owners of horses:

"Horses shall be entered before 9 o'clock, with the Stewards, by *sealed entries*, on the evening previous to the race for which they are to contend."

☞ No post entrance allowed. [d23] JOHN B. IRVING, *Sec'y*.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats Ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1838, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837; Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs. [d23] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

A MAIN OF COCKS

WILL be fought at Govanstown, near Baltimore, on the 1st Jan. next—Harrisburg vs. Baltimore. $100 a fight and $1000 the odd, showing twenty one cocks a side.

FRENCH CORK-SOLED BOOTS.

EUGENE FERRIS, 44 Nassau-street, between Maiden Lane and Liberty-street, invites public attention to his present extensive stock of Cork Soled Boots, which will be found superior to any manufactured in this city. His attention to this branch of the business is unceasing, which has gained for him the most extensive trade in that line in this city. They are warranted to combine durability with comfort, and are recommended by gentlemen of the faculty, who are in the constant habit of using them for several years, as the best article for the preservation of health, and the comfort of those who may be affected with consumptive disease. He is constantly supplied with double-soled boots of a very superior quality. A splendid supply of French Patent Leather Dancing Pumps, Buffalo Sole Pumps, and every other article connected with the business. He requires but one trial to convince the public, that his boots, pumps, &c., are of the best description, and will give general satisfaction. [d23-tf.]

SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.

THE Subscriber will sell at private sale the following half, full, and thorough-bred animals. The pedigrees so far as given, are known to be correct.

Civil John, gr. c., foaled spring of 1833. by Tariff, out of Virginia Grey by Packingham, grandam by Melzar, he by Imp Medley. This colt ran, whilst lame, second in both heats of the two mile race at Charlestown, Kenawha, in September last—the only time he ever started. He is half brother to the distinguished mare Ironette. His sire and her sire were also by the same horse, the renowned Sir Archy.—Price $1500.

Tomahawk, b. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall by Haxall's Moses, grandam by Imp. Speculator, g. grandam by Imp. Dare Devil.—Price $500. Untried.

Mickinack, br. c. (Turtle), foaled spring of 1834, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Chiaxco, br. c. foaled spring of 1835, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Br. g. ——, foaled spring of 1836, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall—Price $150.

Surreyor, gr. c. foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Patty Renick by McComb's Arabian, grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle. His (McComb's Arabian) sire was by the horse sent by the Bey of Tunis to President Jefferson, his dam was the Arabian mare sent at the same time—Price $500.

Mary Punch, b. f. 4 years old last August, by Marylander, (vide Turf Register, vol. 1, pages 417, 35, 89, 532, 33, and 576,) out of Kate by Tuckahoe, grandam by Imp. Pantaloon, g grandam the famous running mare, Bradley Bean's Maria by Imp. Punch—Price $500.

Also, the thorough bred imported Short-horned Durham Bull, *Whitaker*, the *twin getter*, calved June 12th, 1834, got by Norfolk, out of Minna Mr. Whitaker's (of England) favorite cow. The three first cows which calved from this bull the past summer, produced twins—making the fifth pair of his get in a twelvemonth, from a limited number of cows—Price $1200. D. M'ARTHUR.

☞ Letters addressed to W. Marshall Anderson, Chillicothe, Ohio, on the subject of the above, will be promptly answered.

Chillicothe, November, 1837. [d9-3t]

THE MONTGOMERY JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence, over the Bertrand Course, on the 23d Jan., 1838, and continue five days, when the following purses will be run for:—

First Day—Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—For the entrance money of each day's running, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

The purse for each day's running will be hung up at the Stand on the day of running.

On the day previous to the regular races, a sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $300 each, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. Entries to be made with the proprietors.

Merrill Asherst names b. c. Kleber, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar.

[n18-t1J]
J. B. TAYLOR,
POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors*.

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $500, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co, Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.

Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Grainger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100. p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Merman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro. out of Kate Bivens by Conqueror.
A. B Nerrsom names br. c. Tom Leefe, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Riddlesworth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. o21]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

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IMMEDIATELY, a young Setter Slut, well broke and handsome, for which a good price will be paid. Apply at this office. [d9]

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A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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